

# The Gateway

The University of Alberta Students' Newspaper Since 1910

Thursday November 29, 1990

## Mission statement sent back

by Geoff Geddes

The U of A may be a University with a mission, but the GFC wants a statement of that mission revised before it will grant its approval.

In a process that has spanned three months and involved input from numerous academic and non-academic staff members, the U of A's administration created a document outlining the institution's overall mission and its top priorities for the years ahead.

Some members of the University feel the mission statement is short on specifics, as demonstrated by its opening statement: "The mission of the University of Alberta is to be one of Canada's outstanding universities..."

However, the woman who spearheaded the drafting process, Dr. Diane Kieren, associate vp academic, pointed out that the purpose of the statement was not to produce details of specific programs, but rather to "give the philosophical underpinnings of the institution...to provide a rationale for who we are, what we do and how we do it."

In describing the university's priorities, the paper focuses on four main areas:

- academic excellence (both in teaching and research).
- strength in recruitment.
- support of care disciplines.
- service to the community.

While the GFC may not have disagreed with the particular goals of the mission statement, they did object to the manner in which these goals were stated.

As a result, the mission statement has been given to Dr. Lois Stanford, vp student and academic services, to oversee a re-

vision process aimed at re-submitting the document for the GFC approval in January.

According to SU president Suresh Mustapha, there were three schools of thought regarding the need for revision:

1. The document should be more carefully worded to avoid alienating the provincial government.

Presumably this concern stems from statements such as "since the means to achieve our mission are limited", however Mustapha considers this concern to be "off-base, paranoia and essentially a call for banality."

2. The paper lacks sufficient detail.

In Mustapha's opinion this objection overlooks the fact that the statement is designed to give an overview of major areas of importance, rather than devoting considerable time to any one issue.

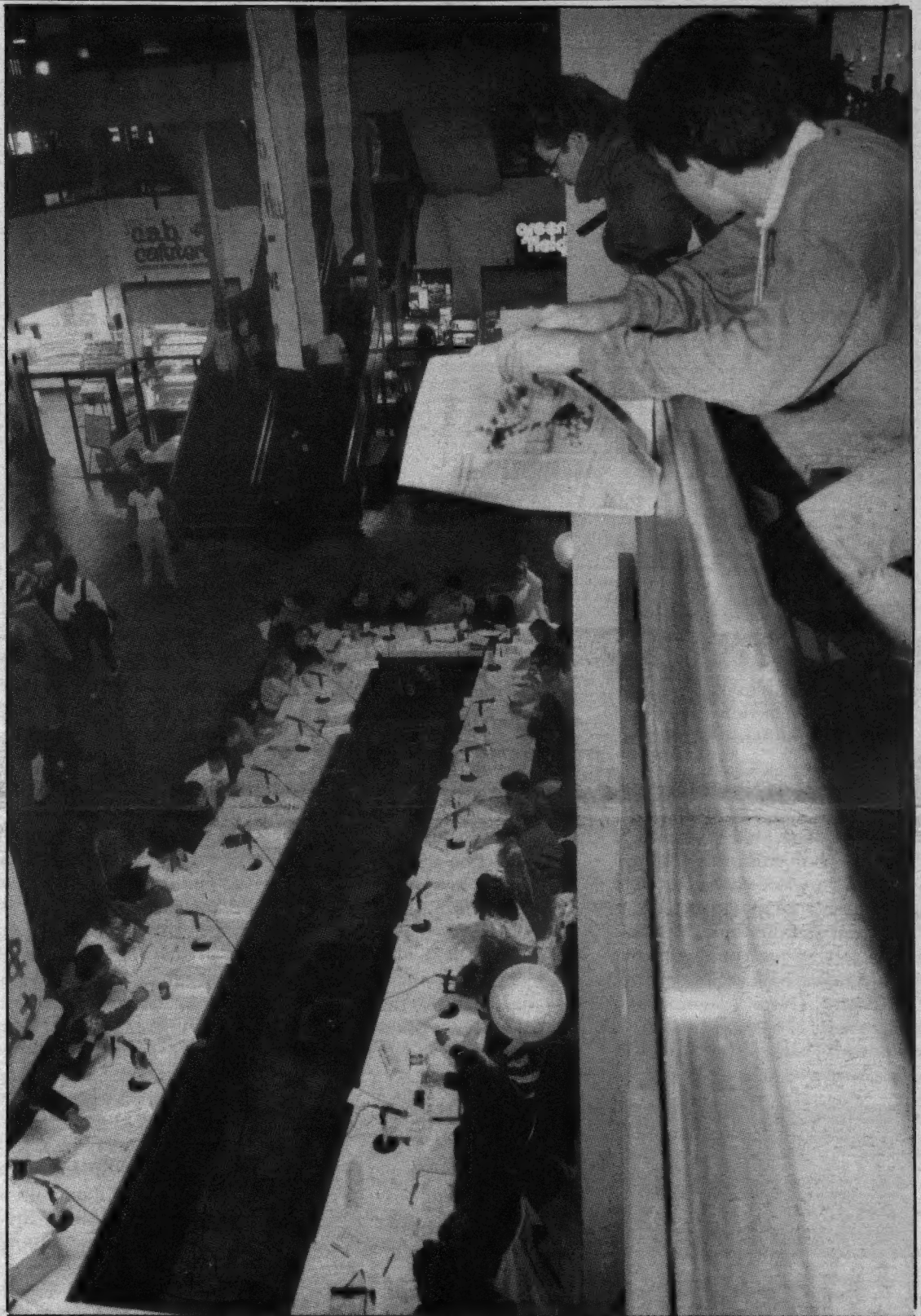
3. The statement "lacks passion."

Mustapha agreed there is some validity to this point and feels the paper "should be more catchy...something we could put in the University calendar to provide inspiration for new students."

However Mustapha's primary concern is that an inordinate amount of time is being devoted to semantics.

"People are debating whether to write that our mission is to be 'an outstanding University' or 'the outstanding University' or 'an excellent University'," said Mustapha. "It's a waste of time! We should either get it passed in the next couple of months or forget it."

Mission, p.2



Ron Sears

The SU took itself to the people on Wednesday in an open council meeting held in CAB

## Cash-strapped dean proposes new fee

by Gil McGowan

Students who rely on the services offered by such campus organizations as Career and Placement Services (CaPs) and

Student Counselling Services may be left out in the cold if alternative funding sources are not developed.

That was the message delivered by Dr. Peter Miller, Dean of Student Services, in an interview with *The Gateway* this past Wednesday.

According to Miller, the university administration has already made it clear that the budget for Student Services will be reduced next year.

"We're at a skin-and-bones level right now. If we don't have an alternative source of funding we're going to have to start amputating," he said.

In order to protect the programs offered by Student

Services, Miller has started to investigate the possibility of introducing a Student Services Fee. This fee would be charged to all students attending the U of A and would pay for a number of programs that are currently funded out of the University's operating budget. These include:

- Career and Placement Services
- the Health Education Program
- the Effective Writing Resources Program
- and the Study Abroad Program

The Students' Union and Student Counselling Services would also receive a portion of the revenue generated by the

fee to help pay for the services that they offer.

According to Miller, a new fee is necessary because the cash-strapped university administration can no longer afford to pay for non-academic programs.

"Student Services are important, but our first priority... has got to be on maintaining the integrity of our academic programs. That's the heart of the institution," he said.

With this in mind, Miller has drawn up a draft proposal outlining his thoughts on the introduction of a Student Services Fee. Over the next few weeks, Miller hopes to discuss this document with both the

Graduate Students' Association (GSA) Council and the Students' Union Council. If both organizations approve of his suggestions, he will draft a formal proposal for consideration by the administration's Fee Policy Committee.

So far, student reaction to the proposal has generally been favourable.

Guy Germain, GSA vp internal, said he supports the idea of a Student Services Fee "in principle" as long as the money collected goes directly to Student Services and not into the University's general revenue.

"Most student groups, whether

Services p.2

### Inside:

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# Attitudes analyzed one year after Montreal

by Lee Craig

Graffiti signed by "the Marc Lepine Fan Club" which appeared on a Woman Studies' sign at the University of Waterloo, is a deliberately threatening action aimed at female academics says Pauline Greenhill, a Canada Research Fellow from Waterloo in a lecture last Thursday on the U of A campus.

During a presentation of her work entitled "A Good Start: Popular Interpretations of the Montreal Massacre", Greenhill pointed to the graffiti (What do you call 14 dead feminists in Montreal?—a good start) as an example of reactions she has observed at her university after the murder of 14 women at the Ecole Polytechnique last December.

"Everyone saw the killings in various ways...for some it was a tragedy about women or a

tragedy against humanity; others saw the massacre in terms of the murderer and the abuse Lepine had experienced during his childhood, while others thought it had something to do with ethnic or linguistic terms (French versus English)...I saw it as a crime against women, primarily feminists academics."

While Greenhill saw the graffiti as a deviant example ("hopefully") of attitudes, she questioned the link between attitudes and behaviour.

She further wondered why people often see a need to joke about tragic events, such as the Montreal Massacre or the Space Shuttle Challenger disaster.

Although a joke can be therapeutic Greenhill said, they often trivialize events or indicate that the victim was somehow responsible for the violent incident, that befell them.

Jokes such as, "What were

Christa McAuliffe last words?—What does this red button do?", show the victim as being incompetent in the situation she

was in, said Greenhill. This is different from jokes which dwell on the perpetrator of the crime, such as Marc Lepine, or the actual reason behind a disaster, such as faulty technology.

Greenhill was also disturbed by the apparent confusion over "the naming of feminists and women." She explained that although not all women are feminists, they are often perceived as being feminists because they are women. This, she added, deprives victims, like those in Montreal, of their voices; instead, they are defined by someone like Marc Lepine.

Greenhill spoke next on how graffiti allows a writer's comments to become permanent and disallows the reader the chance to reply.

According to Greenhill, the anonymity of graffiti allows language which is not allowed in public life — graffiti knows there is a penalty for expressing the content publicly.

Greenhill pointed out that a graffitiist's desire for anonymity could indicate that they are relatively benign. However, when the ideas expressed are a direct representation of a personality, they are more problematic.

"The graffiti now becomes "cultural property" like a feminist label, which intimidates and causes fear," said Greenhill.

She added that the specific placement of the graffiti on a Women's Studies Sign, in the case of the University of Waterloo, ensured that certain women would see the message of the graffiti, and this is something to be concerned about. The graffiti was also placed in very small letters, which indicates it was only meant for certain eyes, she said.

The presentation ended with examples from the audience of

incidents across Canada, where violence has been expressed against women.

The Engineers' Skit Night at the U of A last year was one example cited, as well as the backlash against Rape Awareness Week at the University of Toronto, where men in residences, hung bed sheets out their windows, saying "No means yes" and "No means harder." The University of British Columbia also was an example - where males at Cariboo House, a residence at the UBC, sent graphically obscene letters to women in another residence.



## Coming Tuesday

The Aboriginal Students' Council sponsored a Mohawk speaking forum with Chief Bernard Omnyak on Wednesday evening. Look for coverage in Tuesday's edition of *The Gateway*.

## GSA plans election forum

by Gil McGowan

Students who live in the provincial constituency of Strathcona will have a chance to grill their byelection candidates in an all-candidates forum next week.

The forum, sponsored by the Graduate Students' Association (GSA), will be held Wednesday, December 5 from 7:30 to 9:30 p.m. in Tory lecture theatre T-11.

Students who attend the forum will hear from all four of the candidates who are running in the byelection. These include: Barrie Chivers (New Democrat), Elizabeth Paschen (Green), Nadene Thomas (Liberal), and Eric Young (Conservative).

According to GSA vp external Ken Ross, the forum will give students a head start on other voters in the constituency who will only have a short time to become familiar with the candidates.

"It gives them an opportunity to be informed electors. It also gives them a chance to make sure that advanced education is on the election agenda," he said.

Ross said he expects a good turn-out at the forum despite the fact that it is being held on the last day of classes.

"It's a potential problem. But on a campus of 30,000 the real political animals will be there. They'll just do their partying afterwards," he said.

### Services from p.1

it's the GSA or the SU, have never been against all fees. If a fee can be clearly justified, and if it's clearly stated exactly where the money will go, then we can accept it. Unfortunately that hasn't always been the case. Just look at the Library and Computing Fee," he said.

Despite Germain's dissatisfaction with other fees that have been introduced by the U of A's administration, he was pleased that Miller has been making efforts to solicit student input.

"We're extremely pleased with the way Dean Miller has introduced this. It's almost completely antithetical to the way that the rest of the administration does things," he said.

SU vp internal Marc Dumouchel was also pleased with Miller's willingness to meet with students, but he wants to get more feedback from students

before making a decision about the proposed fee. Ideally, Dumouchel would like to see the question brought directly to the students.

"If we're going to do this, I'd like

### Mission from p.1

Another criticism of the process was voiced by Stephen Downes, GSA president, who stated in a recent letter to *The Gateway* that he felt more student consultation is needed before a final draft is produced.

"A mission statement is intended to represent a consensus of the community, and clearly, there was no consensus regarding the document considered by the GFC," said Downes.

While Mustapha is certainly in favour of student input, he suggested that Downes and other interested students should lodge

to see it go to referendum. The students should decide," he said.

Dumouchel also thinks that the administration should adjust tuition fees downward if the new fee is introduced.

their complaints and suggestions with Dr. Stanford directly, rather than through *The Gateway*.

Perhaps the only point everyone can agree on is that there will never be complete agreement.

"You can't have a statement acceptable to everybody in a campus of this size," conceded Dr. Kieren.

Or, as Mustapha put it: "If you're trying to get a room full of academics to agree on something...good luck!"

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## Hard Rock Miners



November 29 & 30 December 1



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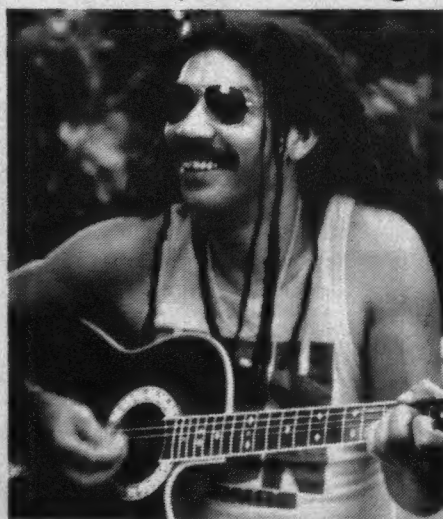
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presents

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What is the cause and  
Who is to be blamed?

**SPEAKER:**  
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**Room 1-103 Tory Bldg**  
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# Feminist literary companion published

by Teresa Pires

Eight years, 60 writers, and 2700 entries later, *The Feminist Companion to Literature in English* has arrived.

The Companion was launched by two of its three editors, Patricia Clements, Dean of Arts and Isobel Grundy, eighteenth century literary scholar in a celebration outside Rutherford South on Tuesday, November 27. The third editor, Virginia Blain, was in Australia for the book's launching in that country.

"So many women have been lost to us," said Elaine McCoy, Minister of Women's Issues. McCoy maintained that one of The Companion's strengths lay in rediscovering and redefining women's literary tradition.

"What we all need are guides; we need companions; we need access to information. *The Feminist Companion* allows us to hear our hearts and our words."

*The Feminist Companion* is comprised of 2700 bibliographical entries on women writers from the Middle Ages to the present. Although Canadians are strongly represented in the book, the writers listed in the text range from several countries where English was written, such as the United States, Australia, England, the West Indies and in countries where women's writing was closely related to the English. *The Feminist Companion* also focuses on important genres, movements, and institutions affecting women's writing.

Clements stressed the importance of previous scholarship to *The Feminist Companion's* completion: "This kind of reference book couldn't possibly have been written had there not been twenty years of productive feminist scholarship before it. You can only write a reference

book at a certain state of maturity in research and scholarship."

"Hopefully, our book will contribute to a renewal of the curriculum, but it won't do it single-handedly." When asked about the possibility of *The Feminist Companion* establishing an alternate canon, Clements replied, "It's a double bind - if you have no information, you have no canon. If you provide information on a selective group of women writers, you contribute to canon-formation."

The "canon" is a group of literary texts historically considered by literary scholars to be great works.

"But then there are questions that need to be asked about whether we should have a knee-jerk reaction to the idea of canon-formation. It is not a position without virtue to suggest that there should be some range of common experience," said Clements.

Grundy said that one of the problems with previous literary reference books is a misrepresentation of women's experiences. "Lots of what people know about literary women writers is not only inadequate, it's wrong. This book may substitute more complete information about what the works and the authors were like."

Nine of the book's 60 contributors are members of the U of A's English Department: Daphne Read, Shirley Neuman, Susan Brown, Dale Wilkie, Dianne Chisholm, Joanne Wallace, Pat Demers, Janice Williamson, Paul Hjartarson, Isobelle Grundy and Patricia Clements.

The Bruce Peel Special Collections Library will be hosting an exhibition in celebration of *The Feminist Companion* from November 27-February 23.

According to John Charles, Head Librarian, the library wants not only to celebrate the book's publishing, but also display the holdings that the university

possesses, in particular the Minerva Press collection, a group of novels from the 1790's to the 1820's written by women.

"They're a gold-mine for peo-

ple exploring the women writers of the eighteenth century," said Charles.



Kon Sears

Scholar Isobel Grundy with one of the few works in the English language longer than *Clarissa*

## Minister rejects funding

by Gil McGowan

The provincial government will not allocate special funds to help universities in Alberta cope with rapidly rising enrollment.

That was the message presented by Advanced Education Minister John Gogo in the Legislature Monday.

Gogo was responding to a question posed by New Democrat House Leader Pam Barrett regarding the consequences of declining financial support for post-secondary education.

According to Barrett, under-

funding has had serious consequences at both the U of A and the U of C.

"The question relates to the accessibility crisis at universities, particularly with respect to the U of C, which has turned away some 869 qualified students this year... and the U of A, which has had a registration increase of 30 per cent since 1979 but a teaching staff increase of only 4 per cent in the same period," she said.

In order to deal with these problems, Barrett argued that the Conservative government should update its Advanced

Education budget to include extra funds that would allow university administrations to safeguard accessibility.

In response to this demand, Gogo argued that the government does not play a direct role in the establishment of admission standards.

"Our institutions, of course, set the admissions policies as to who may and may not have access of our institutions," he said.

Gogo also argued that Alberta spends more money per capita on advanced education than any other province.

## Troubles touch PC Youth

by Kristan McLeod

The internal dissatisfaction that has plagued both the provincial and federal wings of the Progressive Conservative party has begun to effect youth politics on the U of A campus.

On Nov. 7, Mark Speaker submitted his resignation as president of PC Youth at the U of A, due to his inability to support the federal government's policies.

Speaker is not considering joining another party, and is remaining active in PC Youth. But as newly elected president Michael Lohner pointed out, "As president, you have to provide for members to participate in both federal and provincial levels," a task that proved impossible for Speaker because of his disagreement with the government's policies.

Lohner, a second year Business student who was elected last Friday, originally ran on Speaker's slate as vp internal, and decided to run as president when other members of the party approached him following

Speaker's resignation.

He made no mention of his personal feelings about the federal government's policies, but does plan on attending the April PC provincial conference to discuss "leadership review, and a possible split from the federal party," among other issues.

Lohner met with Don Getty and Don Mazankowski yesterday to discuss recent events at the federal and provincial levels, as well as possibilities of the officials becoming more accessible to students. "Our youth wing is very strong, about one third of the party...and they've always taken our concerns quite well."

Lohner says he will always try to bring forth students' concerns, "everything from cutbacks to bus fares," but defends the provincial government's proposed secondary education cutbacks.

"They have to take everything into consideration. To stay on budget next year, there will have to be cutbacks, including in the University."

Until the provincial conference, with only four months remaining in his term, Lohner will work on projects Speaker started.

"My goal this year is to finish things off completely so that it will run smoothly next year." His tasks include bringing in new guest speakers from the party and, in conjunction with the other campus youth parties, organizing the mock parliament that will take place at the provincial legislature at the end of January.

Lohner will act as Prime Minister for the mock parliament that will feature each party introducing a bill and an ensuing debate of federal issues.

His workload may increase if the PC federal conference is held in Alberta—that matter is currently being decided by the party.

Lohner has not considered whether he will run for president again next year, preferring to wait and see how the next few months go.

### EDMONTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA PRESENTS



### Holiday Magic

DECEMBER 13, 14 & 15, 1990  
8:00 pm, Jubilee Auditorium

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# OPINION

## Mature students must act

by Winston Pei  
Add fuel to the fire.

Yes, mature students have some legitimate concerns. Yes, *some* have children and families. Yes, they produce the most problem student loan applications. And yes, as a group, they have been largely overlooked by *past* administrations.

Unfortunately, the tone and attitude expressed by the most vocal minority of this group has only disheartened, discouraged and angered the very people who would help them; younger students who presumably have the time, the means and even the desire to help. What is it this diverse and ethereal collective referred to as "mature" students expects?

First and foremost, from what imagined pedestal do mature students dare deny younger students, who by their own efforts get into this institution and are deserving equals, the courtesy and respect due them by depicting hapless, helpless 18 year olds running back to mommy, daddy and school advisor at the slightest quandry? Rent, food, utilities, full-time jobs, even children are hardly the exclusive domain of those over age 23.

All students have problems. That is why support services like Student Help, First Year Network, and Students' Orientation Services have been established by students, for their fellow students. The problem is a clear absence of "mature" volunteers contributing their time, knowledge and personal experiences, so vital for peer/student-run services such as these to function effectively.

Yes, mature students must solve these problems for themselves (though many others will lend a hand if not condescended to). And yes, only a mature student who has survived can help other mature students with similar problems through the varsity maze. Then surely there are a few among this 36 to 40 percent of the University population who can spare some time for one of the above services? You say you want change? How about some action through these established services, designed specifically to serve students through student input? It would even serve to bridge this obvious lack of mutual understanding.

As for a centre exclusively for mature students, isn't that just elitist, ageist and discriminatory?

Mature students must find solutions to their problems together with the rest of the University population. Their current attitude is neither effective nor productive. It only provokes a very justifiable backlash.



## LETTERS

Please keep letters brief. All letters should include name, faculty and year for publication, as well as ID and phone numbers.

## Examination of R.A.P. flawed

In response to Malcolm Thomas' article "The History and Significance of R.A.P.", we were dismayed by the manner in which an examination of the idiom of R.A.P. music was distorted, and dismayed by Thomas' heavy-handed and rhetorical racist basis. His blatantly anti-white position detracted from an article which otherwise, baring some inauthenticities, bore an important message.

Being black is not an excuse to be racist. Thomas' spelling of America with three k's in the middle is no less loaded or derogatory than "nigger." As for his derision of "Eurocentric ahistorians," it is only natural for historians of one culture to chronicle their native culture from their racial basis.

Medieval Arabic histories and travelogues are written from such an ethnocentric point, not to mention thousands of years of Chinese and Indic history. To

denigrate historians for doing what interests them is ludicrous. Surely Mr. Thomas would not be pleased if he was told that he could not decide from what perspective he may chronicle "Afrikan" history.

About his assertion that MuchMusic has banned such groups as Ice-T, Public Enemy, and so on, to the best of my knowledge, Ice-T has never been banned from air-play. Indeed, MuchMusic easily plays more hip-hop and R.A.P. than any other musical form. True, Public Enemy was taken off the air, but because of Anti-Semitic themes in their music, not because they were black. As far as MTV is concerned, the "Amerikkkan" video station bans everything, especially the peculiarly white, middle class idiom of heavy metal.

Further, we object to the stereotyping of all white people as "Good Christian whitefolks." Not

all "whitefolks" are Christians, Mr. Thomas, nor do we subscribe to the theological corruption of an ethnocentric minority. Very few Christians subvert the Bible to facilitate racism, so it is unfair to associate all "Good Christian whitefolks" with a bigotted few. Jesse Helms is not the spokesperson of "whitepeople," only those few who embarrass most whites with their racist rhetoric. Considering Mr. Thomas' denigration of Christianity, it is ironic that he plasters Western Civilization with the derogatory Christian perception of Babylon: decadent, oppressive, and evil. Ancient Babylon was as much the birthplace of civilization as well as "Afrika" was the cradle of humanity, as well as having been one of the largest non-white civilizations in human history.

In regard to his assertions that the Kent State Massacre signalled the end of "Whiteyouth"

participation in social reform, where is the proof? Mr. Thomas fails to back up this generalization. Has Mr. Thomas counted the number of "Whiteyouth" who make up the Citizens Against Racism and Apartheid? Or the racial composition of Amnesty International?

Mr. Thomas would like us to believe that it is only the black man that has ever been exploited. What about the 6000 Chinese who built the CPR, or the 40,000 Ukrainians starved by Stalin? What about the oppression of Whites by Whites in Industrial Revolution Europe? The issue of exploitation is not a matter of Black Freedom, but rather of Human Freedom. Only when all races and sexes are equal will there be freedom for people of any and all racial and cultural origins.

When Mr. Thomas asserts that R.A.P. will go underground in its struggle to survive, we find it dif-

ficult to picture R.A.P. as an underground movement when a "nation of millions" listens to it every day. In America, a country which is heading quickly towards attaining a non-white majority, R.A.P. is the music of the mainstream society, like it or not, Mr. Thomas. As far as "Whitefolks" stealing black music, he should be flattered that Black culture is being adopted by the white society which Mr. Thomas so desperately wishes to change.

In conclusion we would like to ask Mr. Thomas to reconsider the philosophy of one of the most noted non-white revolutionaries of all time, Jesus Christ. He told all mankind to "do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

Leland Distad  
Arts III

Richard Harcourt  
Arts III



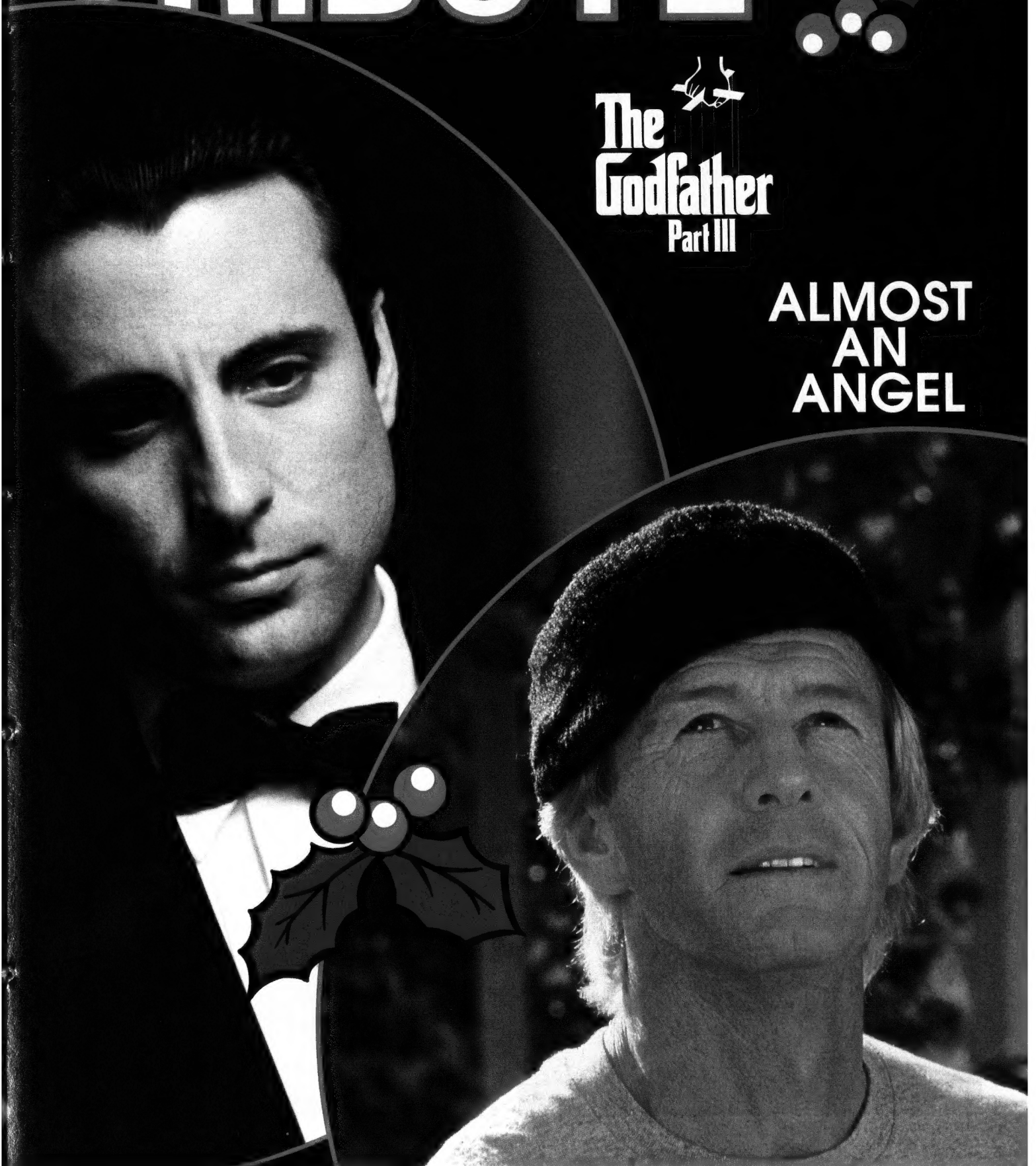
# TRIBUTE

CAMPUS EDITION  
VOLUME 7, ISSUE 7  
DECEMBER 1990



The  
Godfather  
Part III

ALMOST  
AN  
ANGEL





# THE GODFATHER

## PART III

**T**he surprise, of course, is not that Paramount Pictures has finally made **The Godfather: Part III**. The surprise is that it took so long.

After all, the first two *Godfather* films, released in 1972 and 1974, have passed into movie history. Between them they were nominated for 16 Academy awards and won nine, including best picture in their respective years of release. The films established Francis Ford Coppola as one of the most significant filmmakers of his generation and introduced Al Pacino as a major new star.

So why the 16-year delay in making **Part III**? "Well, Francis was reluctant for a long time to make a third film," concedes Fred Roos, coproducer of the newest installment. "He didn't want to rehash what he'd already done."

In the intervening years, says Roos, Paramount had come close to giving a green light to several different scripts with several different directors attached. But nothing got the nod until, early last year, Coppola agreed to write and direct a third movie.

"I always felt there was a whole new chapter to the Michael Corleone story that you could tell," says Roos, who served as casting director on the first *Godfather* movie and producer on the second. The screenplay that Coppola and cowriter Mario Puzo (author of the original novel) finally wrote is, indeed, a whole new chapter.

The year is 1979, Michael Corleone (Al Pacino once again) is 60 years old and suffering from diabetes, as well as a guilty

conscience. He has removed the Corleone family from all illegitimate businesses — they are now involved in banking and international finance — and he wants to make peace with his soul.

But redemption isn't the only thing on his mind; so is family succession. He has a daughter, Mary (portrayed by Coppola's daughter Sofia) with whom he likes to play chess. But he's pinning his hopes for the future on his son, Tony, a recent graduate from law school. When Tony announces, however, that he does not want to join the Corleone businesses but intends to pursue a career as an opera singer, a shadow is cast over the future of the family.

Enter Vincent Mancini, played by Andy Garcia. The illegitimate son of Sonny Corleone (portrayed by James Caan in the first movie), Vincent is a tough guy in a leather jacket, a street fighter — not the sort of guy to look after the cleaned-up Corleone fortunes. Still, Michael's sister, Connie Corleone (Talia Shire once again), sees a kind of strength in Vincent and introduces him to Michael.

Thus begins an intense family drama played out against a beautiful, brooding canvas: everything from the Vatican, during a Papal election, to a Sicilian opera house, where Tony Corleone makes his operatic debut, to



Reprising their roles as Michael and Kay Corleone are Al Pacino (above right) and Diane Keaton (below right). New faces include Andy Garcia (above left) as Michael's illegitimate nephew, and Bridget Fonda (below left) as a reporter.







## THE CORLEONE FAMILY SAGA CONTINUES



In this third installment, Michael Corleone (Pacino, above) struggles to protect his family (above left) and their business from the violence and corruption of organized crime (below).



Michael's baronial Fifth Avenue apartment, where the extended Corleone family gathers.

Newcomers on the scene include Bridget Fonda as a journalist trying to get an interview with Michael, Joe Mantegna as a New York hood named Jerry Zazza and Donal Donnelly as an influential Roman Catholic archbishop. Other new faces: George Hamilton as the Corleone family's attorney, John Savage as a priest who's the son of former Corleone lawyer Tom Hagan (played by Robert Duvall in the first film), and Eli Wallach as Don Altobello, a mafia head and longtime Corleone family friend.

Location shooting throughout Italy, including Rome, Viterbo and

Sicily, adds a rich texture to the film. It would be easy to play up the Italian aspect of **The Godfather: Part III**, particularly with Coppola writing and directing. "He's very Italian," notes Roos, who has known Coppola for more than 20 years. "It's deeply part of him."

But to think of the film as *only* Italian would be wrong. As Roos believes, "Coppola thinks of it as a story of the '70s and '80s, about the nature of international wheeling and dealing."

**The Godfather: Part III** opens Tuesday, December 25th in theatres across Canada.

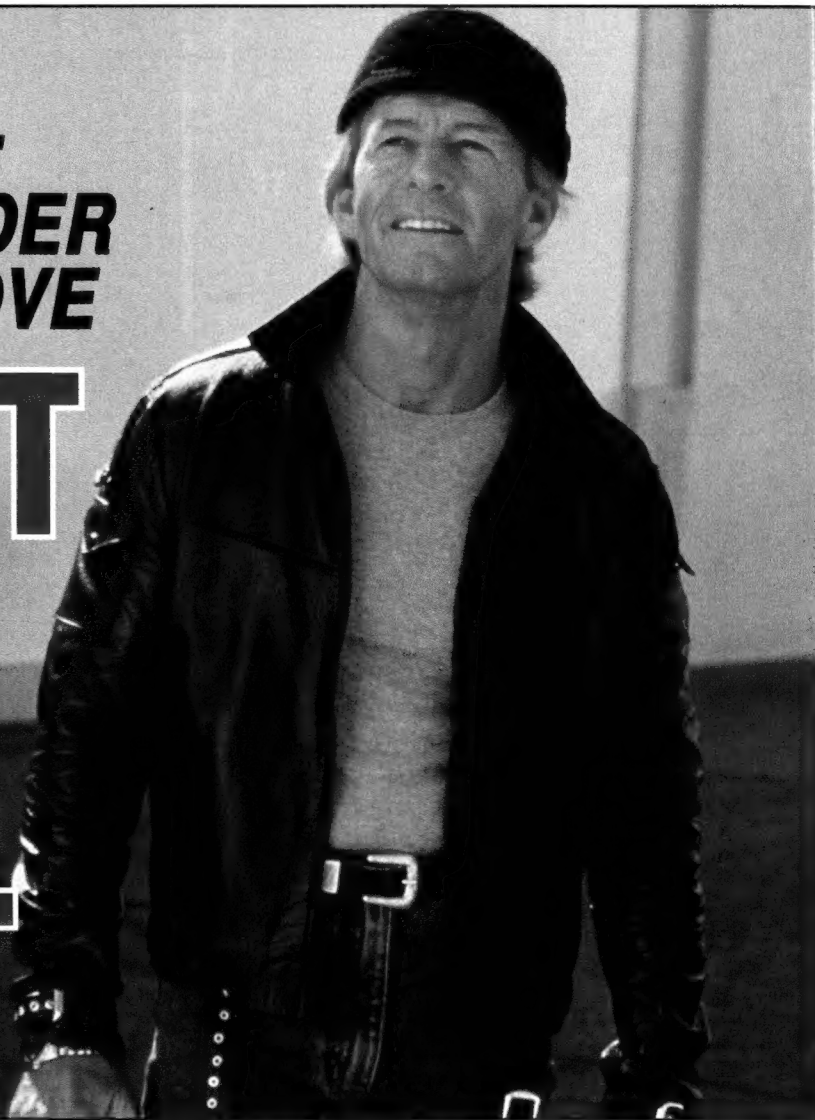
— Lyle Slack





# PAUL HOGAN: FROM DOWN UNDER TO HEAVEN ABOVE

# ALMOST AN ANGEL



**Q** uick, name an Australian, the first one that pops into your head. To paraphrase *The Family Feud*, "Our survey said — (*Ding!*) — Paul Hogan!"

You were expecting maybe Yahoo Serious? As the man who replaced the koala as the living national symbol of Oz — courtesy of *"Crocodile" Dundee* and those old shrimp-on-the-barbie Australian tourism ads — Hogan sometimes wonders what he has wrought. A good day for him is one in which he doesn't have to hear the word "G-day."

"Yeh, people say it to me all the time, all over the world, most of them a little worse than you," the fatigued, sun-baked bloke-turned-superstar told us on the heels of *"Crocodile" Dundee II*. "Gd-eye, gud-oye, gud-ooey. But Barbara Walters was the worst: 'Gid-yewee' or somethin' like that."

Therein lies part of the reason Hogan claims to have retired the character of Michael J. (Mick) Dundee.

And those ads? He's through with them, too. "I don't know if you've noticed, but Australia has more tourists than it knows what to do with now. I think they're gonna bring back the koala [a symbol Hogan hates] to slow things down until they can get some hotels built."

Little wonder, then, that *Almost an Angel* — his hope-filled first starring role not as a certain knife-toting outback legend — is as far away from *"Crocodile" Dundee* as possible. "It doesn't have anything to do with Australia or New York or culture clashes. It's a comedy, but it has more to do with people and situations."

The situation is this: Hogan plays professional thief Terry Dean, whose one good deed lands him in the hospital. Through a weird series of events, he becomes convinced that he has died and come back as an angel (and thus is safe from harm). Emboldened by his "supernatural" abilities, Dean sets out to do good on a grand scale, with little regard for physical danger.

Rounding out the cast are hot Canadian actor Elias Koteas (from

*Gardens of Stone*) and, as Terry's love interest, Linda Kozlowski ("Mick's" girl in *"Croc" I and II*, she recently became Mrs. Paul Hogan offscreen).

"*Almost an Angel* is basically about this guy with a criminal mind trying to be an angel of mercy," says Hogan. "In his own strange way, Terry becomes a hero. Though ostensibly a comedy, it's a very uplifting film and hopefully makes a lot of points about how people should treat each other."

Will people embrace Hogan as warmly without his outback alter ego? He told *Interview* magazine there's a lot of his personality "that the public has yet to see. Then again, they might not like what they find," he quipped, self-mockingly.

On the other hand, Dundee wasn't a completely fabricated personality. Even before he created him, Hogan said in *Playboy* he had an idea of what audiences might be hungry for and where his personality might fit in. "For anyone under 20, American movies were high-school's-a-drag dramas and karate-chopping messengers from hell. Adult movies were about middle-aged people dying of

cancer or marriages breaking up or financial disasters.

"I remember thinking, 'There's gotta be something in between.' There was a dearth of grownup leading men; no one filled those roles that Cary Grant and Humphrey Bogart once did, particularly comedy roles. The only grownups doing hero roles are Clint Eastwood and Charles Bronson and *they're* not getting any laughs.

"I've no big scenes where I have an emotional breakdown and burst into tears. I haven't experienced that [in real life], I probably can't do it, so I won't put that in the script."

Hogan says that he's basically happy "any day that I'm in good health and the sun shines. Since 1973 [the year he talked his way from a job as a rigger on Sydney's Harbour Bridge to one as a featured comic on Aussie TV], there's hardly a day I haven't felt that way."

*Almost an Angel* opens Wednesday, December 19th in theatres across Canada.

— Jim Slotek





# FLIGHT OF THE INTRUDER

**L**ike *The Hunt for Red October*, the movie **Flight of the Intruder** began life as a novel published by the Naval

Institute Press. In fact, *Red October* and *Flight* were the first and only novels to be released by the small Annapolis, Maryland, publishing company, which had specialized exclusively in scholarly books about naval warfare.

So why did the Naval Institute make an exception in the case of *Red October* and *Flight of the Intruder*? Even a cursory look at the two stories suggests one obvious reason: Both are so meticulously based on fact they could well have been true stories.

**Flight of the Intruder**, in particular, comes by its authenticity easily enough. Stephen Coonts, its author, is a 43-year-old Denver lawyer who spent two years fighting in Vietnam. Flying from the aircraft carrier "Enterprise," Coonts logged 1,600 hours in an A-6

Intruder, a low-altitude bomber, carrying out scores of missions over North and South Vietnam and Laos, and winning a dozen combat decorations including the Distinguished Flying Cross.

It comes as no surprise, therefore, that the central character in **Flight** is Lt. Jake Grafton (Brad Johnson), an A-6 Intruder pilot frustrated with the senselessness of his combat orders. Time after time he is sent out to bomb negligible targets — truck parking lots, previously destroyed power plants, empty farmhouses — each time risking his own life as well as that of his crew. He knows politics, not military strategy, has dictated insignificant targets.

"So in desperation," as John Lehman described it in his *Wall Street Journal* review of **Flight**, "Jake Grafton and his navigator, 'Tiger' Cole [Willem Dafoe], do what thousands of naval aviators dreamed of at the time. They plan



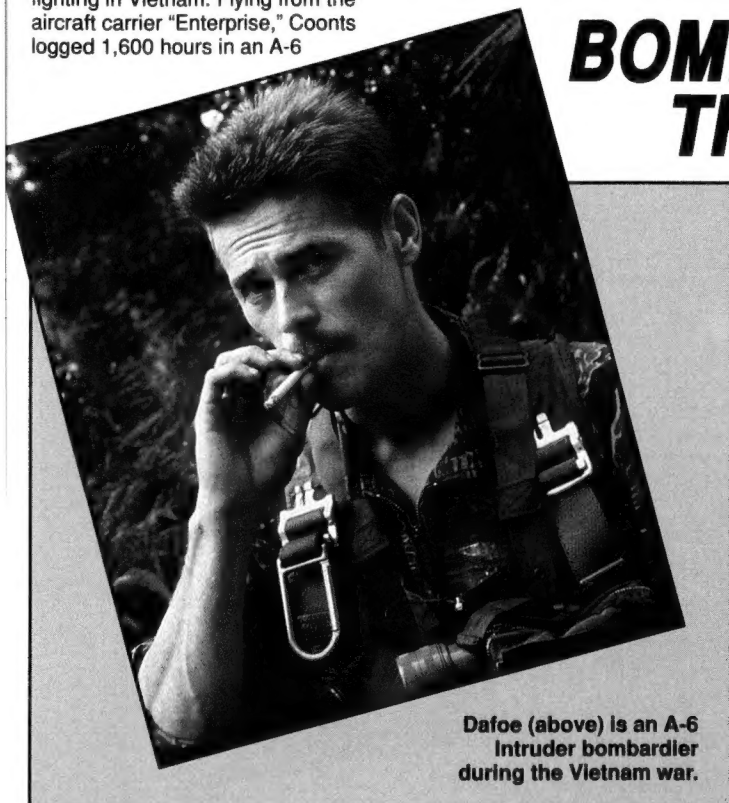
From left: Brad Johnson is pilot Lt. Jake Grafton; Danny Glover plays Commander Frank Camparelli, a bulldog squadron leader; and Willem Dafoe is Lt. Commander Virgil "Tiger" Cole.

and fly an illicit diversion from their assigned, useless targets" and bomb a missile depot in downtown Hanoi. Lehman knew what Coonts and Jake Grafton and thousands of other aviators dreamed of because Lehman, too, was an A-6 Intruder pilot and, at the time he wrote

October 1989 with two days of filming at Pearl Harbor, which doubled for Subic Bay in the Philippines.

The cast and crew — which includes Danny Glover as Jake's bulldog squadron leader and Rosanna Arquette as the war

## BOMBER PILOTS ATTACK THE POLITICS OF WAR



Dafoe (above) is an A-6 Intruder bombardier during the Vietnam war.

his review in 1986, was Ronald Reagan's Secretary of the Navy.

**Flight of the Intruder** struck a realistic chord in one other sense — the ambivalence of its central character. In a lot of conventional wartime fiction the hero knows exactly what he's about. Vietnam, however, was not a conventional war, and Jake Grafton is not a conventional hero. "Jake is not portrayed as a superman," observed John Stubing in his *Best Sellers* review. "Rather, he is a human being caught up in the dilemmas of war." Jake even reflects sometimes on the unseen victims of the bombs he drops. Nor does Coonts glorify violence. "He shows what combat is like," noted Stubing, "and it is terrifying."

In turning the book into a film, director John Milius has clearly gone after a cinematic realism to match Coonts's literary honesty. Principal photography began in

widow with whom Jake becomes involved — then moved to the Hawaiian island of Kauai where the Philippine red-light district of Po City was re-created. Scenes in the men's officers club and quarters were filmed at the U.S. Navy's Barking Sands Missile Range.

"Mr. Coonts deals with this reality in an unpretentious manner," wrote reviewer Lehman. "He attempts no preachments or grand lessons. And unlike the think-tank experts who have never been there, he has no grand designs for Pentagon reform. He merely describes, with force, how it really was, operating in a system drained of common sense by bureaucracy, yet sustained by the camaraderie of rare and honorable men."

**Flight of the Intruder** opens in theatres across Canada in January.

— Lyle Slack





# DEPARDIEU

IS

# CYRANO

D E B E R G E R A C



— Coming this Christmas —

**T**wo different movies. Two different European stars. And two different stories that take place hundreds of years apart in far-flung parts of the world.

Yet there is an echo that reverberates between **Cyrano De Bergerac** and **Lionheart**. Each of the new movies tells the story of a French soldier who fights for those he loves and happens to be virtually unbeatable at his particular mode of attack.

In **Cyrano De Bergerac**, the hero is a soldier in the French army of the 17th century whose preferred weapon is not bare knuckles but the rapier — both sword and wit. A lavish, monumental French film adaptation of Edmond Rostand's popular stage play, **Cyrano** is less an adventure story than a bittersweet romance.

Cyrano (Gérard Depardieu) is a dashing swordsman and poetic spirit who fails to find true love. The catch is Cyrano's nose — an oversize, overlong appendage that long ago doomed him to bachelorhood.

However, when Roxane (Anne Brochet), the young Parisienne he has fallen in love with, herself falls in love with Christian, the most handsome soldier in Cyrano's company, Cyrano gets a chance for love once removed. The literate Roxane appreciates a man with a poetic turn of mind, Christian — though handsome — is tongue-tied, and Cyrano is the solution: He will write the words with which Christian courts Roxane.

In **Lionheart**, the soldier is Lyon Gaultier (Jean-Claude Van Damme), a member of the modern French Foreign Legion stationed at a remote North African outpost. When word arrives that his brother in Los Angeles has been seriously injured, Lyon requests emergency leave but is denied. He deserts, and the heart of the movie is the story of his perilous trek to California, pursued by two Legionnaires determined to retrieve him.

Along the way, Lyon is seduced into a bare-knuckles, underground New York wrestling circuit run by a woman (Deborah Rennard) with a voracious appetite for art-deco furniture, high-fashion clothes and men.

**Lionheart** and **Cyrano** clearly

feature very different kinds of central characters — as, indeed, are the two leading men who play them.

Jean-Claude Van Damme, a former European karate champion, emerged as an international star four years ago playing the villainous alien opposite Arnold Schwarzenegger in *Predator*, then went on to sudden fame as the kick-boxing hero of the 1987 martial-arts extravaganza, *Bloodsport*.

Born and raised in Brussels, Belgium, Van Damme began studying martial arts when he was 11 years old, eventually earning his black belt in Shotokan (Japanese karate style) and a European middleweight championship. He parlayed his notoriety into a successful gymnasium business, but in 1983 sold the business, hopped a plane to Los Angeles and promptly discovered that, despite his physique, dexterity, enthusiasm and good looks, it wasn't going to be easy breaking into show business.

For three years Van Damme supported himself at a variety of odd jobs — limo driver, bouncer,

carpet layer — before getting his first role, as a minor villain in the independent movie, *No Retreat, No Surrender*.

Gérard Depardieu, probably France's most popular leading man at the moment, also led another life prior to becoming an actor. The third of six children of an illiterate sheet-metal worker, Depardieu dropped out of school at 12 and became a *loubard*, a young vagabond. He worked as a crewman on a boat, a beachboy on the Riviera and eventually landed briefly in jail.

A prison psychologist prescribed drama classes, and a couple of years later Depardieu made his film debut in Roger Leenhardt's *Le Beatnik et le Minet*. He has since appeared in over 60 feature films, among them *Get Out Your Handkerchiefs*, *Mon Oncle D'Amerique*, *Jean de Florette* and, most recently, *Too Beautiful for You*.

As **Cyrano** and **Lionheart** suggest, it's a safe bet neither Depardieu nor Van Damme will return to their old jobs.

— Lyle Slack

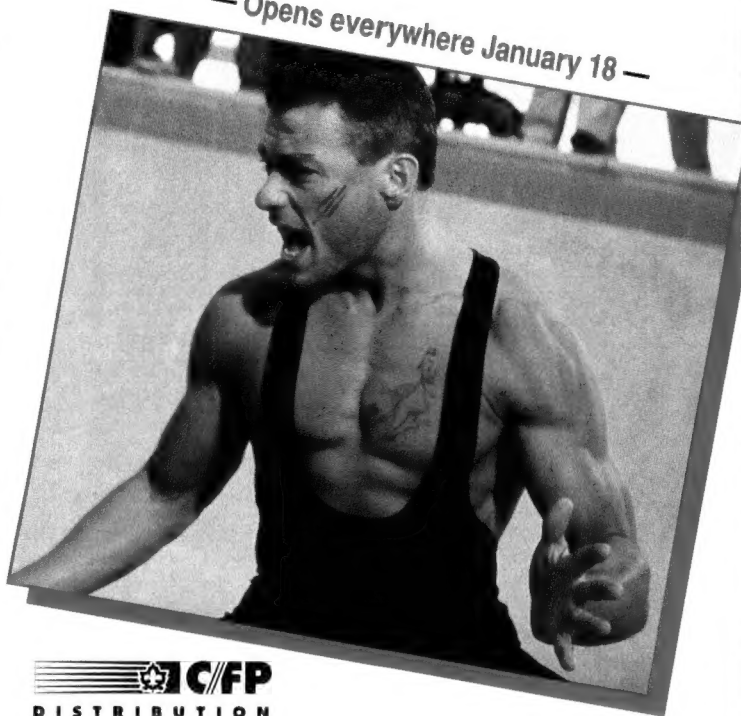


# VAN DAMME

IS

# LIONHEART

— Opens everywhere January 18 —



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**ROB REINER**

Based on the Novel by  
**STEPHEN KING**

Screenplay by  
**WILLIAM GOLDMAN**

JAMES CAAN KATHY BATES  
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# HAMLET

## MEL GIBSON TACKLES SHAKESPEARE'S GREAT DANE



**F**rom road warrior to Danish prince. Over the past decade, there's no denying Mel Gibson has come a long way from those post-apocalyptic Mad Max days, proving time and again that his talents extend considerably beyond his looks. So it was not surprising that after shooting three action movies back-to-back (*Lethal Weapon 2*, *Bird on a Wire* and *Air America*) Mel was ready for a change of pace. But Hamlet?

"It was a question of whether I'd pick up the challenge or let it go by," reasons Gibson. "To be or not to be ... Hamlet, if I can put it that way."

He decided "to be," after having lunch with director Franco Zeffirelli, whose previous cinematic encounters with Shakespeare have included *The Taming of the Shrew* and *Romeo and Juliet*. The two exchanged their interpretations of the 400-year-old play and the next day Gibson was willing to don the doublet.

"I knew I would make a film of it one day," recalls the Italian director. "At the end of the '80s I finally said, 'I'm ready for Hamlet; if I don't do it now, I'll never do it.' And this was also because I saw an actor, Mel Gibson, whom I knew would be exactly right to play Hamlet. His strength in front of the camera, combined with his past performances on stage in Shakespearean and other classical plays, made him a perfect choice to be the Hamlet of the '90s."

Gibson's grip on The Bard goes back to his time with the State Theatre Company of South Australia, where he cut his teeth on the likes of *Henry IV*, *Romeo and Juliet* and *Hamlet*.

"Romeo was probably the role where I developed a grasp of Shakespeare's language as the blueprint of something that could take motion and have a life distinct

from the one it has on the page," Gibson explains.

Once he had secured Gibson, one of the world's reigning box-office draws, Zeffirelli proceeded to surround his tragic hero with a group of respected thespians, none of them strangers to Shakespeare, including Glenn Close as Hamlet's mother, Gertrude; Alan Bates as Claudius; Ian Holm as Polonius; Paul Scofield as the Ghost and Helena Bonham Carter as the fair Ophelia.

**Hamlet** began shooting on April 23, 1990 (which just happened to coincide with the anniversary of Shakespeare's birth) on location in the south of England. The start of principal photography followed several months of intensive preparation, during which time Gibson and his fellow cast members studied fencing and horseback riding and worked with a voice coach. A trio of historic ruins served as Elsinore, Hamlet's medieval home, while interiors were constructed at England's Shepperton Studios.

In an effort to turn a staged play into a living, breathing motion picture, Zeffirelli understandably took certain liberties, ones which might not exactly endear themselves to purists.

"Movies can tell so much in one shot that sometimes even Shakespeare's words become redundant," he explains. "My efforts were to keep the story clear without mutilating the original. We made some tough choices, and some may be controversial."

Ultimately, **Hamlet's** success or failure will lie on Gibson's shoulders. Like Kenneth Branagh before him, he's stepping into a role which, for the past four decades, has belonged definitively to the late Sir Laurence Olivier.

And while Gibson himself has referred to the vehicle as "kind of a no-win situation," his colleagues are rooting for him. Predicts *Air America* costar Robert Downey Jr. in a recent interview: "Either Mel will get an Academy-award nomination or it will be the first time Shakespeare ever grossed \$100 million."

**Hamlet's stellar cast:** Mel Gibson (above left), Helena Bonham Carter (top right, on stretcher), Glenn Close (far left), Alan Bates and Ian Holm.

—Michael Rechtshaffen



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MEL GIBSON

GLENN CLOSE

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# HAMLET

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EXECUTIVE PRODUCER BRUCE DAVEY ADAPTED FROM THE PLAY BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE  
SCREENPLAY BY CHRISTOPHER DE VORE & FRANCO ZEFFIRELLI  
PRODUCED BY DYSON LOVELL DIRECTED BY FRANCO ZEFFIRELLI



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# BONFIRE OF THE VANITIES

## TOM WOLFE'S BLOCKBUSTER NOVEL HITS THE SCREEN



After a hit-and-run accident, things get tense for Sherman McCoy (Tom Hanks, above right) and his mistress (Melanie Griffith). Bruce Willis (bottom right) plays a reporter snooping for scandal.

**T**he *Bonfire of the Vanities*, the most talked-about novel of 1987, will shortly attempt to become the most talked-about movie of 1990, starring Tom Hanks, Melanie Griffith and Bruce Willis.

Why was *Bonfire* originally such a *cause célèbre*? Well, to begin with, it was the first novel by Tom Wolfe, who as a journalist and all-around wit has made a habit of being controversial. Such earlier nonfiction books as *The Right Stuff*, *From Bauhaus to Our House* and (way back) *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* had established him as a meticulous researcher with unpopular opinions (some said he

was just plain arrogant) and a flamboyant prose style.

Then came *Bonfire*, in which Wolfe used his keen eye for detail and his delight in satirizing establishment icons to take on nothing less than the entire upper-class social structure of Manhattan — Wall Street, City Hall, the newspapers, the judicial system, the whole kit and caboodle.

The "hero" of the book is Sherman McCoy (Hanks), a Park Avenue WASP and hotshot bond trader who considers himself one of the Masters of the Universe. Why not? He graduated from Yale, has a demure wife who devotes herself to dinner parties and remaining thin, wears custom-tailored \$1,800 suits and is having a torrid affair with a smart society

dame (Griffith). Then one evening McCoy's mistress takes a wrong turn while driving Sherman to the airport, and before she knows it she has hit a young black man on a deserted ramp.

"The intent is, of course, satiric," as Terrence Rafferty observed in his *New Yorker* review of *Bonfire*. "The central joke is that Sherman, who has lived his whole life in ignorance of the Universe he thinks he's Master of, now finds himself, thanks to this messy accident, at the mercy of the very system that has been propping him up."

McCoy's former footmen — the underclass, the courts, the media — turn against him, and even the people his crisis forces him to rely on, like his Irish lawyer, don't treat him with the respect he's used to.

"They're all playing by the arcane rules," noted Rafferty, "of sub-universes barely known to Wall Street and Park Avenue, and Sherman is as powerless as a pinball."

The book immediately spent 56 weeks on the *New York Times* hardcover best-seller list. In the *Times* Frank Conroy called it "a big, bitter, funny, craftily plotted book." In *The New Republic* Frank Rich thought Wolfe's nightmarish urban vision was conveyed "by scenes of brilliant high comedy and farce."

Clearly, many enjoyed the book. Equally clearly, many had reservations. Conroy thought that after a while the fun of watching Wolfe satirize one group of New Yorkers after another began to turn sour and Rich thought the author had given short shrift to Manhattan's lower classes.

Exactly what director Brian De Palma and his screenwriter, Michael Cristofer, will manage to do with such a huge book, not to mention the huge canvas, remains to be seen. But certainly the film, like the novel, will not lack for authentic detail. De Palma and his company of actors — which also includes Morgan Freeman, F. Murray Abraham, Kim Cattrall and Saul Rubinek — spent 10 weeks filming in four Manhattan boroughs before completing an additional six weeks of principal photography in Los Angeles.

As for Wolfe, he has initiated yet another revolution — the return to respectability of the realistic novel. "I was quite shocked to see that writing fiction wasn't all that easy," he has said. "I thought that once you could make up things there was nothing to it, but it's not easy to make up things effectively. The imagination needs material. I had to put everything aside and do some reporting."

— Lyle Slack





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and make the wrong turn in The Bronx...

then sit back and  
watch the sparks fly.

# THE BONFIRE OF THE VANITIES

BRIAN DE PALMA

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DAVE GRUSIN... DAVID RAY... BILL PANKOW... RICHARD SYLBERT... VILMOS ZSIGMOND... FRED CARUSO  
PETER GUBER... JON PETERS... TOM WOLFE... MICHAEL CRISTOFER... BRIAN DE PALMA



# THE SHELTERING SKY

**T**alk about contrasts. Bernardo Bertolucci's last film was an epic with a cast of thousands. His latest is an intimate portrayal of the lives of three complicated individuals.

Bertolucci's 1987 hit *The Last Emperor* won every Oscar for which it was nominated — nine in all, including best picture, best director and best screenplay. For his new film, *The Sheltering Sky*, he has managed to reunite seven of the nine key people who worked on *The Last Emperor*.

The team includes the dynamic trio of Bertolucci as director, producer Jeremy Thomas and screenwriter Mark Peploe, along with the director of photography, costume designer, editor and sound recordist. It was important to Bertolucci to get that creative team, because he wanted to achieve the same kind of film that is rich in setting and story.

This time the on-location filming took the team to Algeria, Morocco and Niger to shoot a story set in postwar North Africa. Producer Thomas says, "This is an intimate,

sensual film. It will be a complete change from *The Last Emperor*."

The star of *The Sheltering Sky* is no stranger to sensuality. John Malkovich, who had previously thrilled audiences with his performances in *Places in the Heart* and *The Glass Menagerie*, truly shocked his fans with his sensual portrayal of Valmont in *Dangerous Liaisons*.

Malkovich was rather surprised by how much everyone talked about his sexiness. He says, "First, I don't think very much about whether I even have fans, and second, every character you play has various challenges, and various personality traits that you may enjoy playing. So, yes, sexuality is fun, but I had as much fun playing blind and playing retarded as I did playing sexy."

Based on the novel by Paul Bowles published 41 years ago,

the story is built around a couple coming to the end of their time together, in North Africa in 1947. The three in the triangle are Malkovich, Debra Winger and Campbell Scott, making his big-screen debut.

Scott is the son of George C. Scott and Colleen Dewhurst. You may have seen him on *L.A. Law* or as Joe Kennedy Jr. in the ABC-TV production of *The Kennedys and the Fitzgeralds*, but *The Sheltering Sky* is the film that will introduce him to millions. Scott felt so strongly about the project that he gave up a leading role in *White Palace* to work with Bertolucci.

By all accounts, *The Sheltering Sky* held a similar fascination for Debra Winger. At first Bertolucci

thought she was too intense to play the part of Kit Moresby. Apparently he wanted a less aggressive actress, someone like Melanie Griffith. Griffith was pregnant and not available, so Winger campaigned for the chance to audition. She had loved the book and was convinced the character of Kit was really Jane Bowles, the author's late wife, and she set out to become her. She even arrived in North Africa, after winning the role, with a similar short haircut.

Paul Bowles, now 79, was entranced with Winger and vice versa. Winger told *Vanity Fair* magazine, "I thought I'd be able to stand back and have an impression; instead, I fell in love on sight. We spent every nonworking moment together."

With pomp and grandeur, Bertolucci's *The Last Emperor* earned \$44 million at the box office. The director hopes *The Sheltering Sky* will earn the same, but this time with love and passion.

— Jane Hawtin



**Kit and Port Moresby (Debra Winger, below left, and John Malkovich) share an intimate moment. Completing the relationship triangle is Campbell Scott (inset).**





DEBRA WINGER • JOHN MALKOVICH

*A woman's  
dangerous  
and erotic journey beneath...*



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Music By RYUICHI SAKAMOTO Executive Producer WILLIAM ALDRICH Based On The Book By PAUL BOWLES Screenplay By MARK PEPLOE  
And BERNARDO BERTOLUCCI Produced By JEREMY THOMAS Directed By BERNARDO BERTOLUCCI**

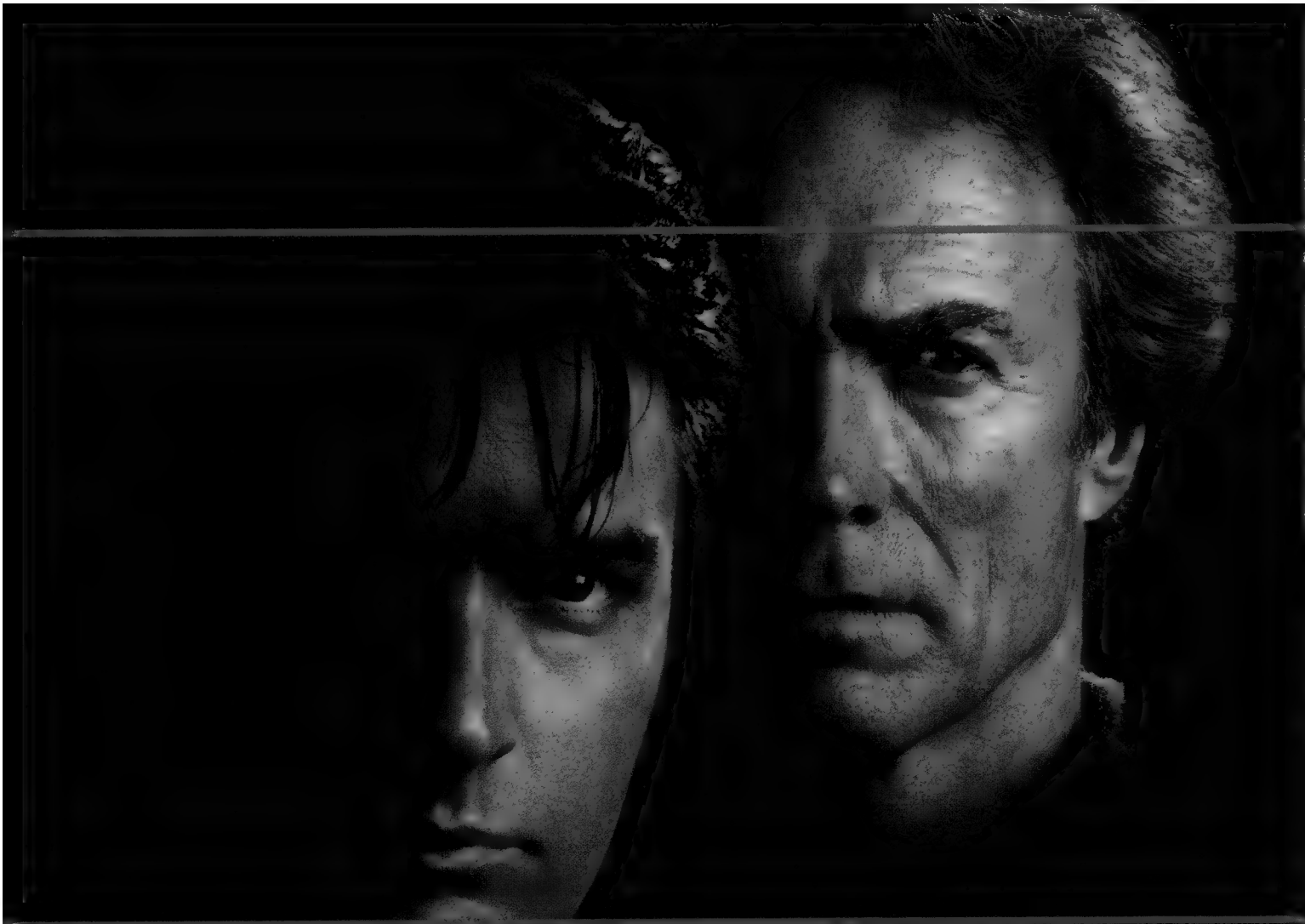
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**THE ROOKIE**



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DIRECTED BY CLINT EASTWOOD  
**R** STARTS FRIDAY DECEMBER 7<sup>TH</sup> EVERYWHERE





# CLINT EASTWOOD AND CHARLIE SHEEN ARE PARTNERS IN FIGHTING CRIME

**C**lint Eastwood's semi-silent again. After his tour de force as the voluble John Huston character in *White Hunter,*

*Black Heart*, he's back to being the strong man of few words that audiences around the world know and love.

In *The Rookie*, which he also directed, he's Nick Pulovski, a veteran detective who's never made a major bust. He's teamed with David Ackerman (Charlie Sheen), a raw rookie who's never been on a major case. They are wary of each other, but bound by the truism that a cop's best weapon isn't his gun, it's his partner. A pair of car thieves (Raul Julia and Sonia Braga), miffed that Pulovski and Ackerman have broken up their operation, kidnap Pulovski, and his young partner must save his life.

Charlie Sheen started acting at the age of nine, although he really wanted to be a professional baseball player. Then at 13, he spent eight months in the Philippines while his father, actor Martin Sheen, was filming *Apocalypse Now*. "Being exposed to that environment at that age," says Sheen, "made me realize there was more to life than just baseball." He was then bitten by the acting bug and has since zoomed to stardom in such films as *Platoon* and *Wall Street*. He has costarred twice (*Young Guns* and *Men at Work*) with his brother Emilio Estevez.

Eastwood didn't have the advantage of a family acting tradition. He was born in San



Detective Nick Pulovski (Clint Eastwood, left) gets up close and personal with one of his kidnappers (Sonia Braga).

## THE ROOKIE

Francisco in 1930 and grew up as a child of the Depression, trailing his father along the dusty roads of the West Coast as he searched for work. Young Clint had to take his

schooling where he could get it and attended 10 schools in 10 years. When he graduated, he worked as a lumberjack in Oregon, served in the army and then entered Los Angeles City College to study business administration under the G.I. Bill.

He became intrigued with acting and worked as a gas-station attendant and fire fighter to pay the rent while he made the often-frustrating rounds of agents and studios. His first screen test won him a contract — at \$75 a week — but he spent the next few years appearing in films that were distinctly undistinguished.

A perceptive casting agent signed him for the TV series *Rawhide* and he spent eight years in the role. But he got his big break when Italian director Sergio Leone whisked him to Europe to make the low-budget *A Fistful of Dollars*, the first installment in Leone's spaghetti-western trilogy.

Eastwood was so popular that his salary tripled in the second film of the series, *For a Few Dollars*

*More*. Then came *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly*, and the rest is history.

His impact as the cool, laconic, tight-lipped outsider, always defending the underdog, brought him the clout he needed to form his own production company, Malpaso (a Spanish word meaning "bad step," which is how his manager had described Eastwood's role in *A Fistful of Dollars*). Eastwood has since produced his own movies and directed 14 of them, including such varied projects as *Play Misty for Me*, the 1971 thriller, and *Bird*, the acclaimed biography of jazz great Charlie Parker.

As Gerald Pratley, former director of the Ontario Film Institute, points out, "Eastwood as a director has made films which have point and purpose to them. He uses the system with honesty and a sense of integrity to make studio films aimed at a large audience, but which still relate to social concerns."

— Pearl Sheffy Gefen



The first big case for rookie David Ackerman (Charlie Sheen) turns out to be saving his abducted partner's life.

# TRIBUTE

CAMPUS EDITION  
VOLUME 7, ISSUE 7  
DECEMBER 1990



HAMLET



THE ROOKIE



THE SHELTERING SKY



THE BONFIRE  
OF THE VANITIES



# Mature student defends "Shakespearean fool"



Grant Venables

Let's calm down a bit, elders of the U of A undergraduate population (and those young'ns who speak for them). Get off the G. Paul bashing bus.

As a mature student, I understand many of Skelhorne's comments and agree with much of what he has to say. Whining has become synonymous with oh-so-many mature students. Being one, I have many times been embarrassed by these older saplings who seem to have no pride as they openly, almost defiantly — proudly even, complain about papers, exams, prices, books, and profs. Admittedly, I often whine about these very things but I refuse to use my age and familial situation as rationale for escaping or prolonging these seemingly necessary evils.

I must state that many older students (mature may be a misnomer) act as proper examples to the younger students. Many of us mingle and have more friends born years after us than before. We should, instead of whining about how tough it is, show by example what can be accomplished by those who have had many more years of "life experience." I hang out with many younger students whom I regularly thrash at racquetball, and then drink with later, showing them the more subtle qualities of a seasoned drinker. I also show them that I never drive home once well stuffed with beer

— these are things to be remembered for, not griping.

As for having an on-campus centre devoted to us, rubbish. There are many places we can meet if exclusion is desired. Why not form a club and prove how vital a community we are? Form teams and play in the intramural leagues, or take over a section of one of the campus pubs and claim it as our corner. Don't complain about what we don't have, take advantage of what has been provided.

And get off the back of G. Paul Skelhorne. He is the campus gad fly. He is our Shakespearean fool, who banter as to revive our

consciousness. Lighten up people: the article was not a master's thesis, it was an opinion piece — and who says one's opinion has to be cemented in facts and totally serious. Didn't some pick up a cheeky tone of simple impish disrespect?

So relax fellow elders. Let's share our experiences with the young'ns and learn from what they know. We are all here to learn so let's get on with the process. Many things may seem unfair to us but who the hell ever said life was going to be fair.

Letters continued...

## Student skewers Skelhorne

I was unpleasantly surprised at G. Paul Skelhorne's article "Mature" students: Quit Whining!" in the Nov. 22, 1990 issue of *The Gateway*. Mr. Skelhorne does a great disservice to all mature students by placing us in a category of whining and sniveling complainers. Not to say that there are not some of these in both older and younger age groups, but to give the impression that Mr. Skelhorne has left with his article is inexcusable. Mr. Skelhorne must have been in some very strange classes indeed, if "invariably...it is the older students who pipe up first with..." complaints about the difficulty or time constraints of an assignment. I have been in many classes also in the last 4 1/2 years and this certainly has not been my experience. Perhaps a simple survey of professors would

give the correct impression rather than the anecdotal one put forth in the article.

Mr. Skelhorne, I have a wife and 3 children and if you believe that I whined and sniveled my way through the last 4 years and into the Faculty of Medicine, you have a great deal more to learn. Yes, it has been "difficult" and "inconvenient" at times, but nothing was provided to me "on a silver platter" and I certainly have no "romanticized" beliefs either "about what it is to be a student" or about life away from school. I cannot say the same for Mr. Skelhorne, whose lopsided view of what is involved in being a spouse, parent and student comes from someone who thinks that hardship is living away from home for five years while attending University. I do not wish to leave the impression that I think younger students do not have

their share of problems because I have had much support from many of them. I also do not believe mature students are perfect but I wish to refute the one-sided view given in the article. If Mr. Skelhorne wishes to dispute the mature student's "demands" he should do some proper investigation into why subjects like daycare, student loans and counsellors are of importance to us, or perhaps the assignment is too difficult or time consuming.

Save your article, Mr. Skelhorne, because I believe that when you read it five or ten years from now, you will be very embarrassed.

Joseph Gee  
Medicine 1

More G. Paul  
page 6

### Correction:

*The Gateway* would like to apologize for a misprinting the final paragraph of Dianne Chisholm's letter, "A Definition of Feminism," November 27. The correct version is as follows: I don't proselytize the uninterested, but neither do I present cultural materials as if they were neutrally inscribed in present culture materials as if they were neutrally inscribed in literary history. Feminists in the academy should not have to "concede" that their teaching and research is political: in a liberal democracy such as Canada, it should be a credit to the University to attract scholarly activities who believe in social and cultural revaluation and change.

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Please contact individual departments or the Office of Research, Faculty of Medicine, 2J2.25 WMC for available projects after December 5.

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Letters continued from page 5

# Mature students: the debate continues

"Mature Students: Quit Whining", is an appalling example of journalistic nonsense. It is interesting to note, however, that when asking for a divine intervention he calls upon a diety older than the eldest mature student at any University.

Further along the editorial, "audacity" was used in connection with those students who for one reason or another had the unmitigated gall, courage, temerity and colossal 'guts' to accept the challenge of upgrading their education within hallowed halls of learning supposedly reserved only for the young!

Attending University can and should be a magical experience, in spite of the fact that for all students, it is an enormous mountain to climb. The six o'clock alarm rings promptly and unmercifully, announcing for many, a day spent shuffling priorities between work, marriage, children, classes, social activity, community responsibility, reading, research, review and grocery shopping. "WHINING"? More appropriately, this scenerio represents

real-life drama enacted by a vast number of mature students each school term.

Some of those students are praying, too: for a little more understanding.

Barbara Campbell  
Arts I

## Mature students not special

I am writing this letter due to my disgust and anger with the article on mature students' demands. I am a nineteen year old who lives at home. However, I pay my own tuition and look after most of my own expenses. I should also point out that many young undergraduate students also have to work to pay for school. The mature students' demands for a daycare and a special centre illustrates a lack of thought and knowledge on the current financial dilemma facing the SU and the University. Why should all the other students be forced to subsidize a daycare for a group of others who choose to have families prior to education?

I am really getting tired of these groups who puke and whine that they need something, but are never willing to pay for it themselves. This university needs to spend its limited funding on education, not student centres and daycares.

Thomas G. Rothwell  
Arts II

## Opinion defined

Re: Bill Thompson's letter, "Skelhorne's prayer provokes protest."

"Opinion n. A conclusion or judgement held with confidence but falling short of personal knowledge" *Funk and Wagnalls Standard Dictionary*.

Bill Thompson accuses Mr. Skelhorne of writing "subjective" and "generalized" comments in his column, but he appears to have overlooked the fact that the column was labelled "opinion." Mr. Thompson seems to think that our campus newspaper's habit of expressing opinions in its opinion section is irregular

and unethical. However, if he inspects *The Journal, The Globe and Mail*, or any other major newspaper, he will find that his accusation lacks basis in fact. Although Mr. Thompson has a right to disagree with Skelhorne's opinion, he is out of line in suggesting that the editor is a poor journalist for writing the column.

Instead of denying Mr.

Skelhorne's right to express his opinion, Mr. Thompson should perhaps make a greater effort to defend his own position. Name-calling not only invalidates Thompson's letter, it comes dangerously close to supporting Mr. Skelhorne's poor opinion of mature students.

Rachel Sanders  
Arts III

# The Diary

by Paul Nötley

This will be, with any luck, the first of a weekly series devoted to the criticisms of the various stupidities that abound in the media today. Of course, if this diary turns out to be more stupid than the people I am criticizing you will probably not have to suffer with it very long, and instead prefer the saucier reviews of my brother.

Ted Byfield published in last week's *Alberta Report* an editorial on how we should not celebrate Remembrance Day with disturbing thoughts on the futility and horror of war, using the old by well-worn argument that pacifism led to the appeasement of Hitler. I have neither the time, nor even the particular interest to refute his comments, but I must take exception to his characterization of the government of pre-Anschluss Austria as "democratically elected." The petty, "pale black" fascist sympathizers of the wretched Dollfuss and Schuschnigg governments, who were destroyed by the authoritarian forces that they manipulated, hardly deserve the prestigious title. In fact, the last free election in Austria was held seven and a half years before the Anschluss, Dollfuss's Social Christians were the minority party and his coalition had a one-vote majority before he instituted rule by emergency de-

cree in March 1933. The Social Democrats were crushed in a very brief civil war in February 1934 and a new dictatorial constitution was promulgated soon after.

*Newsweek* had a laudatory article on conservative Kremlinologist Richard Pipes' latest book *The Russian Revolution*. The book, aside from the general interpretation that the revolution was a bad idea, is a strong supporter of the Stolypin theory of Russian history, that the revolution could have been averted if the "wise and benevolent" reforms of Count Stolypin hadn't been averted by his untimely assassination in 1911. I've always thought this theory was a bit weak, since a society that rises and falls on the actions of one man is in more trouble than it thinks. Still, considering the Soviet Union might not exist in its present form this time next year, this theory will have an undeniable vogue.

But I must protest the writer's insinuation that Lenin was somehow a coward because he supported the first World War from a comfortable base in Switzerland, for the simple reason that he never supported the war at all in the four years this little bloodbath ranged.

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-Bruce Williamson, PLAYBOY

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Letters continued from page 6

## Professor Drummond comes up dry

I write to express my disappointment with Professor Drummond's response to my feature article. Instead of the informed and constructive response for which I had hoped, I was confronted with an angry, defensive and rather empty critique. Rather than addressing my arguments, my vocabulary was questioned and instead of focusing on the substance of my ideas, my most obvious statements were deemed incomprehensible.

For clarity, I will provide some examples. Firstly, my understanding of the word "venues" comes from its association with spaces for showcasing of the performing arts, certainly an endeavour more creative than "agnostic." Secondly, when I stated that "... most decisions in the University have been made by white, middle-class men," I meant just that, suggesting that this statement is true. As Professor Drummond does not challenge the truth of this rather straightforward claim, I see little reason for him to find it problematic.

Another concern that I have with Professor Drummond's response to both my article and Dianne Chisholm's interview is his insistent separation of academics and politics. The University does not exist in a political vacuum, indeed, its very existence is highly dependent on politics. Federal and provincial political policies decide the University's financial state, public and personal politicking go on in the University departments and political ideas and standpoints are created and taught by both students and professors.

Finally, I would like to say thank you, but no thank you to Professor Drummond's concern for my well-being. I would rather his energy be spent in a less condescending and more positive manner rather than wasted on worry for an undergraduate feminist.

Jennifer Cypher  
Arts III

Dr. Drummond, like many others at this university, I am

very grateful for your insightful, detailed critique of the November 20 feature on feminism. Undergraduate students have traditionally been too quick to make unsound political and logical statements in their little paper. And of course professors are no better, since they use *The Gateway* as a vehicle for long-winded pompous, supposedly informed pronouncements.

It is refreshing to see true professors like yourself who are not interested in the base political games that academics have a tendency to indulge in. What struck me most about your incredibly perceptive letter was your genuine desire for academic questioning and growth.

Finally, although I am only a woman (and perhaps not an "intelligent human being capable of instruction"), may I beg most sincerely space to extend my most humble praise to you personally for being one in the very long tradition of Great Men who have established and perpetuated the wonderfully egalitarian system at the U of A, indeed in all of society.

With men like you in control of our future great minds, we have no need to worry.

Audrey Shields  
Graduate Studies II

We undergraduate students are (hopefully) at a malleable stage in our mental development, where we are open to critiques of the society we must inherit and propagate (in your names). Feminism is compelling for me because it points to inadequacies in the system that you, who naively imagine there is an airtight distinction "political" and "academic", work so furiously to shelter.

You have proven through your letters to be of fixed mentalities. Why would you purposefully devalue a movement you have come into contact with, and beligerently refuse to investigate? You are clearly at a stage in your

academic careers where you want to rest on your laurels and direct us to feed (regurgitate?) your grapes of wisdom right back into your mouths. Unfortunately, the cushion of leaves you lean on blocks the whole forest path, and discourages us from exploring new questions.

I would at least assume that you, as academics, are compelled to stay on your toes—to educate yourselves about the insights feminist scholarship have given to various disciplines.

If you fit into your own high-sounding category of "true professor", Dr. Drummond, whatever that may be, then it is not, as you state, Ms. Cypher we must worry about, but my whole embarrassment of an education that I worry about.

Agnes Strieder  
Arts IV

## Student demands moderation

Okay, okay. I'll admit it. I'm still just a neophyte first-year student of this fine institution who maybe hasn't quite learned all the ropes. Not that I don't try to learn; it's just that things keep popping up that really confuse the living daylight out of me.

Take for instance the prevalence of alcohol in our society. Even in our little university, "94 percent of the students drink regularly or occasionally", according to Ashnur Velji of the Peer Education Program. Now, I'm going to assume that in order to make it into the U of A, you have to have a pretty reasonable amount of intelligence

and that in order to make it into to make it through your classes, you have to maintain and improve that intelligence. So why would people engage in activities that kill those brain cells that we need so much?

Oh sure, it's great for parties when you need to break the ice because it relaxes any inhibitions we might have. Plus, it's a very effective depressant when we want to feel self-pity. This is great and I have no problem with this until people start to overindulge. Then I get upset. If people only knew how much damage an alcoholic in the family does or what grief is

caused by an alcohol-related car accident, especially when there is an injury or death, then I sincerely hope it would all stop. But it never will, will it?

I really hate to sound like I'm preaching but please understand what I am trying to say. If your prerogative is to consume alcohol then feel free to do so, but please, and I can only emphasize please so much, show some responsibility and respect for other people by knowing when to say when.

Scott Hayes  
Nursing I

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Letters continued...

## SU forced to balance budget

Upon reading the letter "Aherne's Vision Limited" in last Tuesday's Gateway, we were very concerned with the views expressed by the author, Thomas Clarke. The Students' Union in the past has been plagued with poor fiscal management, not unlike other levels of government. Fortunately for us, Mr. Aherne has arrived in time to clean up shop, and attempt to save the SU from financial disaster.

A quick look at the financial position of SU Records shows that there is not a sufficient volume of sales to support its operations. Let's face it! HUB is used more as a Food Fair than a Retail Shopping facility. The majority of students, by not purchasing their music at SU Records, are showing that they do not need an on-campus music store. Should all undergrad-

uate students on this campus be forced to subsidize, via their SU fees, the musical desires of an obviously select few individuals? Probably, these same individuals object to increased fees each year. Then again, don't we all?

Individuality is great! We strongly believe in a culturally diverse society and, in specific, campus community. The question is, who should pay for this? Everyone, or those who seek it? It should be noted that the products and services provided by SU Records are available off campus at other successful business ventures. It may be harder to find the desired material, but do we need to pay for their convenience?

We are currently observing a period of excessive spending at all levels of government. Thankfully, the SU does not have the ability to consistently borrow

funds over the long term as do the Federal, Provincial, and Municipal governments. Therefore the SU is forced to run on a balanced budget. This creates a need to prioritize its expenditures. We must decide whether SU services such as the Information Booths, CaPS, and Student Help, that are not provided elsewhere, should be placed under unreasonable financial constraints because of the consistent losses of non-viable business ventures.

In conclusion, we applaud Mr. Aherne's concern for financial responsibility. If the Executive Committee of the SU determines that SU Records must be cut in order to preserve the quality of its current services and balance the budget, then so be it!

Darren Buma  
Business IV

## Gateway unfair to Dekes

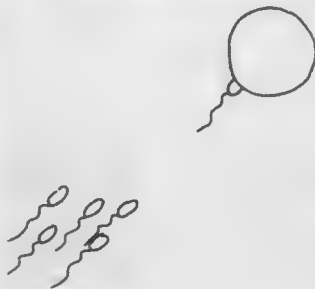
The U of A Dekes wish to apologize for not having recently done anything printworthy, but at the same time we certainly appreciate the imagination *The Gateway* has demonstrated in using the exploits of our Winnipeg affiliate to smear our name on your front page. I believe all U of A fraternities join us in resenting the prominence given an imported article of questionable news value or relevance to our university, the intent of which seems to have

been to blacken our common reputation.

In future we can only hope *The Gateway* will adopt a more judicious assessment of what is pertinent to its readership, and a willingness to present a balanced picture of student groups based on our contributions to campus life, rather than fostering a prejudice based on distant events.

James Ingram  
Arts II

### Spermicidal Tendencies



LITTLE WOULD HE KNOW NOW  
THAT FOLLOWING FERTILIZATION  
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CAREER and PLACEMENT  
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Career and Placement Services (CaPS) feels that one of the best ways to gain career-related experience is by becoming a volunteer.

#### 1. Opportunity to develop career-related skills:

It is very difficult to develop career-related skills just through your education. One solution to this predicament is to develop your skills through volunteering. Some skills that can be developed are: organizational, communication, interpersonal, leadership, etc. These types of skills are necessary in some degree or another for almost every position you can think of, from field engineer to family counselor. For example, regardless of the technical qualifications needed, both positions require excellent communication skills for dealing with customers/clients as well as fellow staff members. These skills, in combination with your education, make you more marketable.

#### 2. Opportunities for permanent employment:

Often, many volunteer positions turn into part-time or full-time paid positions. By volunteering, you demonstrate to the employer that you are devoted

and are motivated by factors other than money. Volunteering also gives the employer the opportunity to see first-hand the type of person that you are. If a position become available within the organization, the employer may offer it to you before advertising it.

#### 3. Opportunity to build your network:

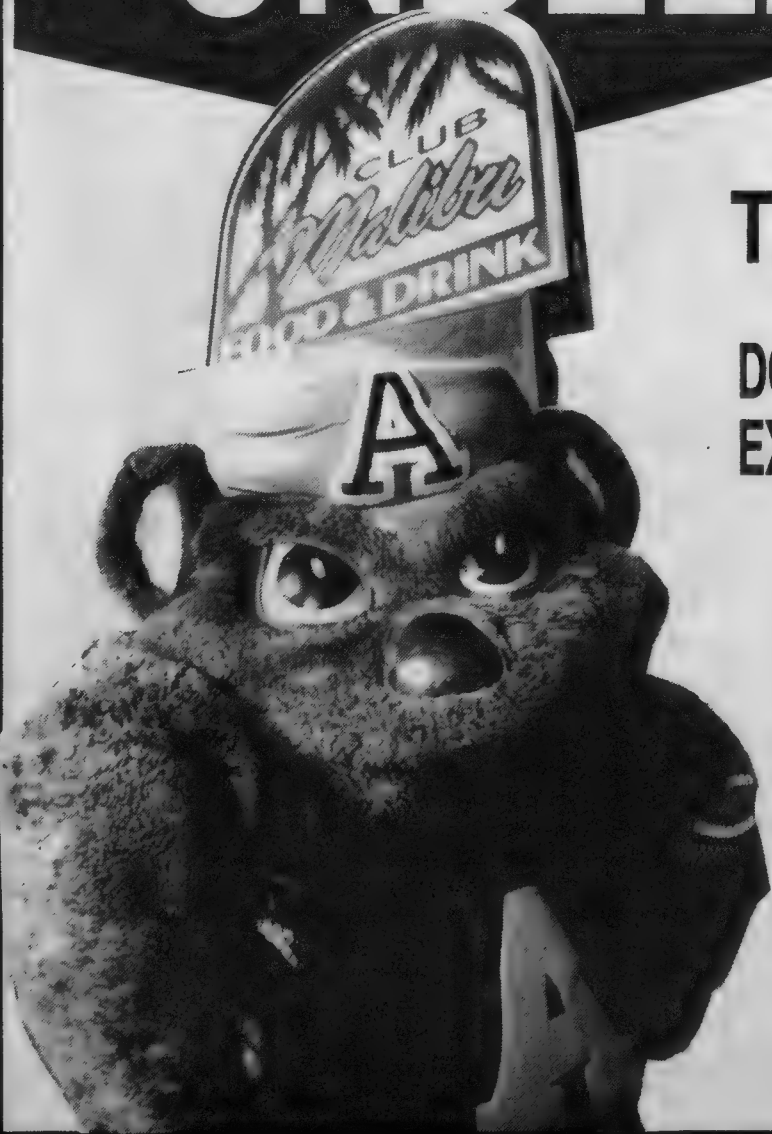
Volunteering gives you the chance to learn new and interesting things about the organization and the industry you are working in. You may meet someone with a position similar to the one you would like to hold in the future. You will learn more about the qualifications needed for such a career. You will also develop your network in the field. And even if there are no positions available with the organization, you can learn about other job opportunities in the field from the people within the organization.

#### 4. Opportunity to get to know the field:

Working in the field you are interested in will allow you to discover whether or not it is suited for you. For example, if you want to climb up the corporate ladder, you can learn of opportunities for advancement in a particular field. By volunteering, you will be able to learn about job environment. Is it an outdoor job? Are the hours nine to five? Do you work alone or with people? Many of your questions that might be difficult to research can be answered by volunteering.

Besides the career-related benefits there are many other benefits to volunteering that exclusively career-related ones.

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# ENTERTAINMENT

## Misery creepy masterpiece

*Misery*

directed by Rob Reiner  
starring James Caan, Kathy Bates  
Castle Rock Entertainment  
Cineplex Odeon

by Jason Kapalka

Stop! Oxymoron time! Certain words, when combined, produce contradictory effects, like "led" and "zeppelin", or "delicious" and "spam", or, in this case, "excellent" and "Stephen King film".

Never mind that this is the twentieth movie made from Stephen King's books and the third to surface in the last month. *Misery* bears as much resemblance to the pathetic *Graveyard Shift* and the bloated four-hour *It* as, say, Florence Nightingale does to a two-hundred pound psychotic sledgehammer-wielding nurse.

The analogy is particularly apt for this film. Directed by Rob Reiner from a script by Academy Award winner William Goldman, *Misery* is the story of Paul Sheldon (James Caan), the bestselling author of the trashy *Misery* Chastain romance novels, who has given up this series and retired to a snowy Colorado lodge to write his "serous" book. His car crashes during a blizzard, but he is rescued by Annie Wilkes (Kathy Bates), the aforementioned nurse, who brings him to her isolated farm to ease him back to health.

At first Sheldon is grateful to Annie for saving his life. She owns all his *Misery* novels and thinks that he, along with "that Degas who painted the Sistine chapel", is one of the world's greatest artists. She is chubby and cherubic, fond of lame platitudes and sayings like, "What an oogie mess!" And, as Sheldon soon finds when Annie learns that he wants to kill *Misery* off, she's also violently and completely insane.

Confined to a wheelchair and locked in-

side his room, Sheldon is tormented by the increasingly psychotic Annie, who refuses to let him go until he produces a new *Misery* novel. What follows is a grim battle of wits and endurance as Sheldon tries to escape from his number-one fan's lethal care.

*Misery* is a genuine and welcome aberration from the usual overblown Hollywood horror films. The violence, though shocking, is used sparingly and effectively; the terror comes from the tension inherent in Sheldon's predicament. With most of the film concentrating on his imprisonment in Annie's house, it achieves a remarkably intense claustrophobic feel thanks to Barry Sonnenfeld's creative camerawork.

But it's the interaction between Caan and Kathy Bates that electrifies the film. Bates is tremendous as Annie, the matronly psychopath; alternately angelic and demonic, she is a wholly believable monster who can mutilate Sheldon to keep him from escaping and then tearfully say, "I love you so much, Paul." She's a big fan of *The Dating Game*, ceramic penguins, and spam-meatloaf who just happens to go into homicidal frenzies from time to time.

Caan, for his part, engages the audience's sympathy immediately and goes on to convincingly suffer vast quantities of the title commodity.

Though Rob Reiner is best known for his comedies, such as *Spinal Tap* and *When Harry Met Sally* (and he definitely milks the grim subject matter here for plenty of black humor), *Misery* is a deftly-done tale of pure psychological horror, one of the few films I've seen this year that provoked genuine screams from the audience. forget that it's based on a Stephen King book. Go see it because, oxymoronically speaking, *Misery* is great fun.



Does Paul Sheldon (James Caan) look a little grumpy?

## Moon a load of green cheese

*Moon 44*

starring Michael Pare and Malcolm McDowell  
Cineplex Odeon

by Warren Ketter

There just aren't enough movies about helicopters in outer space. If nothing else, *Moon 44* manages to fill this unfortunate gap in commercial cinema. The fact that this is the most positive statement it is possible to make about this film is a good indication of the quality of *Moon 44*.

I won't bore you with the details of the plot in this sad entry into the science-fiction genre. Nor will I mention the repeated, cheesy special effects.

However, I must offer this touching snippet of dialogue uttered in one of the most heartfelt moments of the film by a drug-dealing, computer-whiz adolescent: "I started dealing so people would notice me — I got tired of talking to my french fries." This particular line may have been intended to add dimension to the character and to elicit sympathy but it earned only laughter and groans from the audience.

On a consistent level with the dialogue, the acting in *Moon 44* is horrendous. Michael Pare as the hero Stone demonstrates himself to be perhaps the only actor around who is more clumsy at mumbling monosyllables than Dolph

Lundgren. The rest of the muscle-bound cast must have spent more time in the gym than in acting class as sweating seems to be the collective limit of their performing powers. Even Malcolm McDowell (*Clockwork Orange*, *Cat People*) comes across as wooden. His only possible excuse for appearing in this movie could be that he needed the money.

Speaking of money, paying to see *Moon 44* would not be a substantial waste of it, but of another precious commodity as well — time. This film leaves the audience wanting both its \$7.50 and its 90 minutes back.

In keeping with the lowbrow (perhaps

goofball) level of entertainment, Cineplex Odeon's Intelligence reflected the mentality of *Moon 44*. The screening I attended was delayed 20 minutes before an usher explained that the film projector was loaded with the film intended to be shown in the next theatre and vice versa. Rather than switch the films, the audiences of 300+ were asked to switch theatres, a process which took another 15 minutes. If by some kind of cosmic coincidence (it's a space movie, right?), you face a similar incident, take this piece of final advice: do not be left in the theatre showing *Moon 44*.





# Holiday hero childhood hunk

*Home Alone*

Chris Columbus, director  
starring Macaulay Culkin,  
Catherine O'Hara  
Cineplex Odeon

by Mark Meer

Okay, most of the humour in *Home Alone* consists of pure, unadulterated slapstick, but by gum, it's some of the best slapstick I've ever seen.

A Christmas movie from Chris Columbus and John Hughes, *Home Alone* deals with the exploits of a kid named Kevin who sometimes proves to be a bit rambunctious (read bratty). In the midst of his family's frantic preparations to leave on a holiday jaunt to Paris, Kevin makes a nuisance of himself and winds up being sent to sleep in the spare room. In a household with more kids than you can shake a stick at,

Kevin is forgotten and left behind in the rush for the airport the next morning. Somewhere over the Atlantic before she realizes he's missing, Kev's mom spends most of the movie trying to get back to her son (ever see *Planes, Trains and Automobiles*?...it's something like that). Kev, meanwhile, adapts easily to the life of an eight-year-old bachelor, experiencing the joys of complete independence that some of us don't taste until university (if then). But Kevin *does* have a couple of problems: Harry and Marv - a pair of burglars known in police circles as "The Wet Bandits" (never mind why - you'll find out if you see the movie). The slapstick I mentioned comes into play as Kevin defends his home from these two bumblerers using a series of traps which might have impressed the Marquis de Sade. At times, I was reminded of nothing

so much as a Sylvester and Tweety cartoon. Needless to say, as this is a G-rated movie, there's a happy, life-affirming, almost cloyingly-sweet ending, but all in all, the film works well.

Some fine comedic talent has been brought together by this movie including SCTV alumni Catherine O'Hara (as Kevin's mom) and John Candy in a cameo role as a polka musician (no, not one of the Schmengies). Macaulay Culkin, best known for his role in Candy's last film, *Uncle Buck*, plays Kevin. Marc Horton of The Edmonton Journal has described Culkin as "a shameless ham", but I dunno - I kinda like the little guy. Joe Pesci and Daniel Stern take on the parts of Harry and Marv, and while they're funny, their stunt doubles also deserve a hearty round of applause - some of that stuff hurt just to look at.

*Home Alone* manages to be family-oriented without getting too mushy. There are a few sloppily sentimental bits, but hey - you're bound to run into that kind of stuff in a G movie. I found it rather refreshing to encounter a film in this day and age that was absolutely hilarious, yet didn't rely on any derivatives of the good ol' f-word to provide the laughs. This movie is undoubtedly aimed at kids, but there's plenty for parents and those of us who dwell in the nether region somewhere in between. The main point is that *Home Alone* is a really funny movie. If you don't like pie-in-the-face humour, or if you've got something against peccolous children, then don't go. But if you don't mind becoming a reasonable facsimile of a kid again for a couple of hours, then go see this movie and come away happy.

## Advent concert excellent adventure

Pro Coro Choir  
All Saints' Cathedral  
November 25

by Lily D. Lupse

This past weekend the Pro Coro Choir continued its eleventh season with a celebratory program entitled "Gifts for Advent." The 25 member choir was charged with unbelievable energy and their strong, sweet voices resulted in a powerful concert that ended much too soon.

The first half of the program was a study of different musical settings to the same text. The guest conductor, Dr. Browne, presented two contrasting versions of

"Magnificat" from the English composer Herbert Howells and from the German composer Heinrich Schultze. Both were beautifully performed but of the two, the German was the most successful, simultaneously melancholy and uplifting.

The choir also presented the better known "Gloria," the song of angels announcing the birth of Christ, in its original biblical, modern Swedish and Italian Renaissance texts. The piece was emotionally provocative, varying broadly in dynamics from the subdued to the sublime.

The second half of the program revolved around the theme of "the rose," drawing on an association drawn between Christ

and the rose originally drawn from the Bible (Isaiah 11:1) and is used in countless poetic and musical settings to effectively symbolize and celebrate the divine birth of Christ.

The sequence of songs illustrating this began with "Es ist ein Ros ent sprungen" (Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming), and then blended into "A Spotless Rose." This lyrical and sensuous piece (also composed by Howells) was harmonized perfectly, achieving its calming effect subtly. Finally, the sequence ended with "The Rose" (by English composer John Paynter). It was appropriately chosen because of its unusual quality. It's a very strong piece, a chorus of harmonies that

breaks off into small groups (each harmonizing differently), only to later blend all these individual echoes together into a grande finale. Very enchanting.

The concert ended with a striking arrangement of songs that symbolized the unfolding and closing of the symbolic rose.

The first three, "A Hymn to the Virgin," "Auf Dem Berge," and "Und Unser Lieben Frauen" were all slow songs about the Virgin Mary, impeccably conveying the unfolding of the rose. The last "Ideo Gloria In Excelsis Deo" (a variation on the text of "Gloria") was strongly sung, radiating much joy. Simply, it was a joyful ending to a joyful concert.

## INTERNATIONAL WEEK

(March 4-9, 1991)

### Needs You!

International Week is a celebration and promotion of the international resources, expertise and interest on our campus. Activities include lectures, speaker forums, group displays and cultural performances. This year's theme, "PEACE TALKS!: The Call to Partnerships", emphasizes that peace, unity, and cooperation are the foundations upon which enduring global partnerships will be built.

### SHARE YOUR INTERNATIONAL EXPERTISE & ENTHUSIASM!

Individuals, groups, and departments are invited to submit event proposals. The deadline for submissions is December 20th. Interested parties are requested to contact the International Centre by December 7th to obtain further information and proposal forms. Many interesting and challenging volunteer positions are also available during all stages of the Week.

Please mention this advertisement when you call:



International Centre  
172 HUB International, U of A  
Edmonton, AB T6G 2E2  
Phone: 492-2692

## Fleetwood Mac farewell tour event

Let's

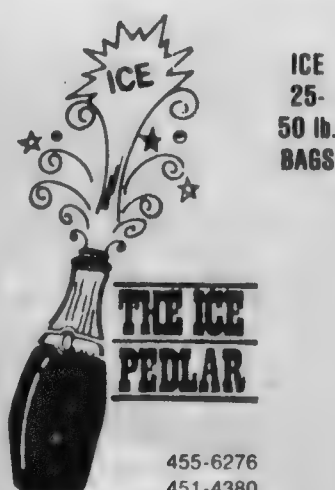
### Party

FOR ALL YOUR  
PARTY SUPPLIES

Disposable

- glasses
- plates
- napkins
- utensils &

Dry Ice for Halloween,  
Dances, Etc.



455-6276  
451-4380  
12136 - 121 A St.  
SEE US FIRST!

preview by Mike Evans

One of rock's most durable groups hits Edmonton this Sunday with what might as well be called their farewell tour. Stevie Nicks and Christine McVie have announced their intention to leave Fleetwood Mac and their departure marks a watershed for the band that sold 20 million copies of its album *Rumours* in 1977.

The band sustained the loss of Lindsay Buckingham, who left to pursue a solo career, largely because audiences have come to identify Fleetwood Mac with the vocals of Nicks and McVie. McVie was also responsible for penning some of the band's biggest singles over the past 15 years.

Though the remaining members of Fleetwood Mac, including the eponymous Mick Fleetwood, have made clear their intention to continue as a musical unit, this tour cannot but be recognized as the last appearance of one of the most influential and successful bands of the 70s and early 80s. They have managed, unlike their contemporaries The Eagles and The Who, to sustain a meaningful contribution to pop music into the 90s.

This current world tour is in support of the band's latest album, *Behind the Mask*, and is sure to be a barn-burner of the finest tradition, as the band bids farewell to two of its finest vocalists and one of its finest songwriters.

For those wishing to be present at a critical juncture in the career of one of rock's truly classic line-ups, Sunday is a must.



# Egyptian Princess

by Paul Matwychuk

Utility

To all who thought I was floating:

my education is not useless  
I will now venture to West Africa  
where all rocks will be  
quickly identified (Courtesy Geology 102)  
I will speak French to the natives,  
examine the culture,  
teach medieval literature,  
set up a government,  
and put on plays to entertain.  
I'll live a successful and fulfilled life  
& then I'll invite my friend from Econ  
and we'll tax 'em.

-TL Davies

November again,  
**DEAD QUEEN**  
(for Danielle Dreux  
de Toledo 1969-1990)

something else to say  
but no courage to  
I am weak  
abandoned  
falling into every night  
and indifferent  
to the morning sun

I walk every morning  
where we ran  
lost in a winter's mist  
with my mind in your tracks  
and my hand  
in the hand  
that doesn't exist

O. Rei  
Science III

## Alterity #5

because nobody else  
knew how  
to settle the polemic  
inside, the  
ax  
went to work —  
out came the bloody  
dialogue

O. Rei  
Science III

untitled

The world for a look,  
The sky for a smile,  
For a kiss...  
I don't know what I'll  
give you for a kiss!

Cookie



Joel had fallen out of love with Miriam. They had known each other for five years, and had been steadily seeing each other for two of them. It was only six months ago that they had actually moved in with each other — Joel had defied convention and had moved into Miriam's apartment, and had gotten a kind of erotic thrill out of the act. Her place was large and airy, with windows lining the western side of it, and plants lining the eastern one. Miriam was richer than Joel, and he basked in every new, unaccustomed detail: the place seemed warmer during the winter months, her oven was more efficient, and even her water — her very water — seemed to taste better. But in the last few weeks, he would come home again to the empty rooms, and as he sank down into one of Miriam's overstuffed armchairs, and his mind would begin to wander once more. When they had first met, Joel looked on Miriam almost as an Egyptian princess; she seemed so still, so lovely, so high-born. When they went out, Joel was nothing but attentive to her, and no matter what angle he saw her at, no matter how bright the light might have been, he could see no flaw in her beauty. Her mind was keen, her wit was polished, and eight months later, when they made love for the first time, her record remained unblemished. Joel thought she was so perfect that she seemed like a painting come to life.

"You worship me too much, Joel," she told one day over the cluttered breakfast table, and he came close to actually scowling at her. Indeed, as he looked at her that morning, he wondered how he could have been mistaken her for a princess. He once thought she had the most extraordinary figure in all of Christendom, but now it seemed utterly ruined, completely beyond salvation. And the two cats she kept had recently begun to produce a mysterious smell that Joel thought made their bedroom virtually uninhabitable. He looked around the room, and the heating vents seemed to have begun pumping a steady, brown dust into the apartments's air.

"You worship me too much, Joel," she had said. It was a week later, and as Joel rode up to the apartment in the elevator, he recalled an incident from his childhood. His parents, it seemed, were actively and obnoxiously cultured. They read all the right books, thought the right thoughts, and were avid fans of the opera. Eager to start their son on the proper road, they had, incredibly, brought him to the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City one winter's evening to attend a performance of Wagner's "Die Walkure". Joel was ten.

They arrived at the building a full hour before curtain time so that they would have an opportunity to give Joel a tour. They spent fifteen full minutes at the enormous fountain that stood in

front of the place, and Joel was honestly entranced. The dull greenish-black of the metal, and the carvings of beautiful, ancient women around the base, and the sheer height of the water above him was nothing he had ever countered before — Joel's family lived in a dismal town in New Jersey whose closest equivalent to the Metropolitan fountain was a leaf-filled public swimming pool.

Joel stood in front of the Metropolitan Opera House in his scratchy new wool suit, and thought that he was in for a treat. Predictably, though, he became bored very early on into the performance, and it was halfway into Act Two when he told his father that he had to go to the bathroom.

"Do you want me to take you?" he asked.

"No, I know where it is." They passed it downstairs, as Joel's parents were showing him the artwork in the lobby. However, several of the paintings had been immense Renoir nudes, and Joel had not been paying as close attention as he might have to where the men's room was. He walked slowly and alone down the stairs from the balconies to the northern wing of the lobby, and was almost immediately lost. He stared up at the Renoirs once again, and, using them as a landmark, walked straight through the first likely door he saw.

It took a little while before Joel realized he was inside the ladies' room. Joel was the only one inside. Through the thin walls of the room, the sounds of the opera, muffled and pleasant, could be faintly heard, and as Joel's eyes slowly took in the room's furnishings, he realized that he was someplace he wasn't supposed to be. The ladies' room was an incredibly opulent one; it was like the fanciest room in a mansion. The floor was covered in a red carpet so deep Joel

was barely able to feel the ground beneath him. There was a row of chairs and vanities and mirrors alongside one of the walls, so that the room, reflected, looked twice as big as normal, and the glass was polished to a piercing shine. The chairs were made of wood and wrought iron, and looked to Joel like informal thrones. In the centre of the room was a circular sort of bench, covered in velvet, that reminded Joel of the shape of the fountain outside. The room seemed as high as it was long, every available porcelain surface gleamed with the deepest white.

Joel spent some fifteen minutes inside; it really did take almost as long as that to fully explore it, and even then, Joel thought he was leaving things out. He went into the men's room, and spent almost no extra time there: the floor was covered with hard white tile, the stall he used had a swearword carved into the wall with a knife, and an old black man sat on a broken chair by the sinks, silently handing out towels. It was the kind of experience that makes an impression on a young mind, Joel said to himself as he rode up the elevator to Miriam's apartment, the kind of thing that really makes a boy look at women in a really different kind of way. When he had come back to his parents' balcony, he remembered, he had asked his father who those women were on the stage. "They're the goddesses."

Goddesses! Joel unlocked the door, and walked into Miriam's apartment. It was like a revolution. Miriam had come home from work early — she had decided to leave the office at two o'clock in the afternoon. When Joel walked inside, she was in the shower, and was singing to herself at the top of her voice. Joel stood in the entranceway, listening to her, and found himself falling in love with her all over again.

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U of A  
English Club and

DEAD  
TREE  
product

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Artists: Winson Lai, Michael Chevalier, Mark Meer, Fishheads: Gabino Vidal Travassos, Jason Kapalka, John McFarland  
Designer: Kyle Loranger  
... and special thanks to all those creative people who submitted their material.

# Frosty

Jason Kapalka

quiet

Sometimes, when the sky is just smoothing down to touch the edges of the prairie, just sometimes, i feel full and alive & just then i could float into the bubbling pink and roll up in armfuls of pastel — just sometimes mind you — & i could look down and spatter the sky with stillness and quiet so that no one else would ever have to be alone.

TL Davies

## Sit by my ocean

sit by my ocean  
and be the passionate breeze  
whirling over my restless and angry waves  
sit in my imagination  
and give me a breath of love  
when my dreams begin to weep  
sit on my island  
and give me a rain of care  
before my leaves dry from unhappiness  
sit by my ocean  
please sing any melody of love  
to soothe the angry agony  
my waters thrash in.

Eric Anderson

## Smoking

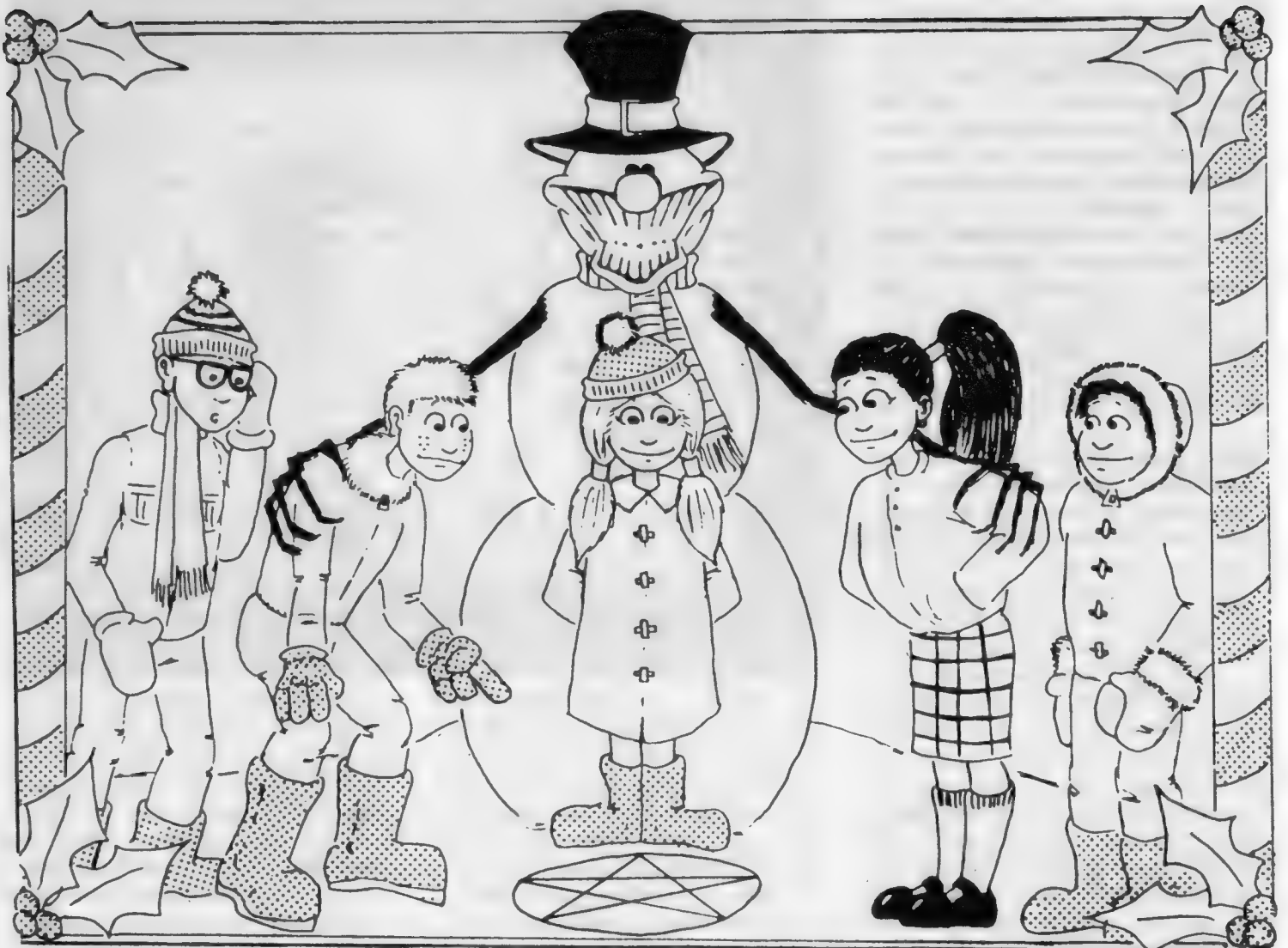
Neon strobing through the night  
Revealing in staccato glimpses  
Nocturnal butterflies.  
Desperation  
Deceit  
And despair  
Emanate.  
Among blades of ice and stone  
Chambers of fear  
Never feeling  
Never felt  
Love a deception  
Available for a few bucks  
Disappearing like ashes  
Of a cigarette.

Peter Locock  
History III

untitled

I fly my 175 pigeons high  
fly them low  
Groom them with my own hands  
my own chiseled heart  
I will groom your mind  
with my chiseled heart  
My chiseled heart forces  
a dream upon pigeon wings  
I take the sky by storm  
their squawks are my cries  
I groom you throat with my knife  
an extension of my hands  
my chiseled heart

John McFarland  
Arts II



There must have been some magic in that old silk hat they found, for when they placed it on his head, he began to curse and growl.

But as soon as he noticed all the children staring up at him in wonder, he calmed right down and apologized, and told them that he'd just been a little cranky after waking up.

None of the kids had ever seen a live snowman before. It was awfully neat, the way he walked around with a crinkling, crunching sound, and the way he talked, like his mouth was full of soggy cereal. But he made them promise not to tell their parents, because then he'd have to go away and he wouldn't be able to tell them any of the fun stories he knew.

The children swore to die with a needle in their eye before they'd tell. Frosty, for that was what he said his name was, smiled a little at this and twinkled his bottlecap eyes.

Then he got them all to sit down, and he started to tell them one of his stories. It was about a man who lived in town a long time ago, a man who did fun magic things. But the other people in town were mean and didn't like fun things, so they called him a lot of bad names, and then they took the man and burned him up. Frosty stopped here and looked mad for a while, though he could have been sad. It was hard to tell with his face all made out of snow.

All the boys liked hearing about the man getting burnt up, but one of the girls pouted because there hadn't been a happy ending. Frosty patted her on the head and told her that maybe there would be a happy ending, after all, but that would be another story.

It was getting late then, so Frosty told them to go home and come back tomorrow, but not to tell anybody about him, or he wouldn't talk to them anymore. The children crossed their hearts again before they left.

The next day Frosty was very happy. He popped off his head and put it back on, and rolled around on the ground until he was just a great big snowball, and showed them lots of other tricks. He told them how great it was being a snowman, because he could stay out all day and all night playing in the snow, and he never had to eat vegetables or pork chops. All the kids were jealous.

Then Frosty told them another story. It was a story about a little boy whose parents were the meanest in the world. They never let him stay up past his bedtime, and they made him eat all sorts of gross food, and when the little boy showed them some of the magic tricks he had learned, they beat him with a stick.

But one day the boy snuck out of the house and ran into the forest. His parents chased after him, but the boy was friends with all the animals in the woods, and so when his parents came running into the forest they got eaten up by the wolves, and the boy lived happily ever after. All the kids cheered.

After the story, Frosty asked the children if they could bring him some things he needed. He said to get them from their parents without letting them find out. The kids promised they'd be careful, because even though Frosty wanted boring stuff like pencils and calendars and books and paper, it really was kind of fun to do things in secret, without their parents knowing.

They came back with the things the next day, though they brought crayons since they couldn't find any pencils. Frosty picked up a calendar and asked them what day it was, and then he looked at the calendar and frowned. The kids asked him what was wrong, but he smiled and said it was nothing. The children begged him for another story, and he eventually agreed, but first he said he was going to teach them some new words, some magic words.

Frosty wanted them to repeat the

words after him, but the words were hard like the ones they had to learn in school. The kids tried, but Frosty kept getting more and more frustrated. Finally he gave up and told them to sit down, and he'd tell them a story. That made the children happy again.

He told them about way back long ago, when all kids ever did was play and there were no such things as bedtimes. But then all the Moms and Dads in the world got together at a big meeting and decided that the children were having too much fun, and they had better do something about it. So they invented spankings and cough medicine and school, and forever after they made all the children go to bed by eight o'clock. This was a true story, Frosty whispered.

The story scared the children and made them sad. One little blonde girl was crying, she was so sad. She told Frosty that she didn't want to have parents and school, she wanted to be a snowman and have fun all the time. For just a second, Frosty looked like he was angry, terribly angry, but then he smiled, sort of, and told her that sometimes it wasn't fun being a snowman. He said sometimes it was like you had gotten snow inside your boots and your gloves and down your neck, except you could never go inside and get warm again. The little girl snuffled back a tear and hugged Frosty, because she was sorry for him.

The next time the kids came back Frosty was playing with some dead rabbits and squirrels. He said it was a lot of fun. The kids thought that was neat, and persuaded him to let them play too, all except for a couple of girls who thought it was too gooshy since some of the animals' parts had come off. Frosty tried to show the children some games to play with the animals, but they were very complicated, and too icky for even the boys to enjoy them very much.

(Continued next page)



Then he tried to teach magic words to the kids again, but pretty soon he had to give up and tell them stories instead. He told them about more kids who had mean parents, and all the stories had happy endings. The kids clapped and cheered.

Then Frosty became very serious and told them that he wouldn't be around for very much longer. The kids were sad when they heard this, but Frosty said not to be, because he'd be back again some day — if they did him one special favor after he was gone. He wouldn't tell them what the special favor was, but he told them that when they did it, it would always be winter in the town, or that the town would go to where it was always winter, the kids couldn't quite figure it out, but Frosty made it sound like it would be great fun. When they had done that, then Frosty would be able to come back, and he'd send all the mean parents away for good, and he could play with the children again. I'll be able to play with you forever, he said. Forever, and ever, and ever.

The very next day was the beginning of spring, and it was warm enough that the snow started to thaw. Suddenly scared, the children all rushed out to see Frosty, and they were almost too late, because, sure enough, he was melting too. Just about all the girls and even some of the boys started bawling then,

since Frosty was dripping and getting slushy, and his bottlecap eyes fell off. With all the water rolling off his face it looked like he was crying too.

Then Frosty told all the kids to be quiet and listen to him carefully. First he told them to take care of his hat when he was gone, very good care. Then he gave them some pieces of paper with crayon writing all over them, and said that it was a rich-ool. He said that when the calendar told them it was the right day they had to do the things the rich-ool told them to do. It was getting hard to understand what he was saying, because his mouth was getting all mushy. You have to promise to do it and not tell your parents, he said, cross your heart and hope to die, and he looked really awful now, with pieces of him falling off onto the ground all over, so the children managed to stop crying long enough to promise Frosty they'd do it, they'd do whatever he told them.

After everyone was done with all the promising, Frosty seemed to quiet down. He said a few more things, but since his mouth was almost melted right off, no one could understand him. It sounded like he was laughing. Finally he fell over and broke up into little pieces, and then the pieces shrank away, and then all that was left was his old silk hat.

The kids stood around and cried for a bit, but it was getting late and dinner

would be ready soon. They passed the rich-ool around to see if anyone could understand it — but it turned out that nobody could read very well yet. They just hadn't the heart to tell that to Frosty. All they could make out were some stars and triangles and some pictures of more gooshy animals. They would have asked their parents what it meant, but they had promised not to let them see it. Finally, they gave the rich-ool to a boy who said that he would take it home, staple it together, put a nice title page on it, and take care of it as if it was the most important assignment his teacher had ever given him. It was soon lost and was never seen again.

The little blonde girl took Frosty's hat, and she really meant to take good care of it, but when she tried to put it on her dog's head, he grabbed it in his mouth and ran away. She found it again a few days later, but it was all torn up and covered in dog drool, so she had to throw it out.

But still, all the children remembered their snowman friend, though sometimes forgot some of the stuff he'd done, and sometimes remembered other stuff that he actually hadn't done, and when they grew up and had children of their own, they told them all the wonderful story of Frosty the snowman, and how he came to life one day.

## Edmonton: Legislature Underpass

there are doves  
engraved along the concrete walls  
forever flying with the flow  
of traffic teeming past  
through the legislature underpass  
they tell a story of peace  
moving with the masses  
of cars for a few hundred meters  
flashing onto passengers'  
windows whizzing by  
broken with the breaking of the sky

and if you walk  
along the sidestream you see  
other birds

smashes by the glass of windshields  
an unexpected crack in their path  
or a quiet violence: choking on  
exhaust  
fumes — the fuming of the inhu-  
man race  
crumpled casualties  
on dead cement beneath  
carved doves

Trevor N. Dekort  
Honors Arts III

Untitled

Hamlet's father's murder's vile,  
By a villain who doth smile:  
So the ghost tells Hamlet, prince.  
"Revenge my father!" Hamlet thinks.

"Words, words, words," quoth th' abstract  
Dane,  
"T'entrap the king, I'll write a play."  
So Claudius, his guilt revealed:  
He, feigning penance, praying, kneeled.

In the meantime, Hamlet, son,  
Was sore afflicted and took on  
A murd'rous vengeance, poorly planned:  
Six others, too, died by his hand.

All told eight deaths grace the stage,  
Witness to the prince's sage  
Perplex. All that he had to do  
Was kill his uncle without rue.

Biff Johansson

## The Inner

I haven't eaten a plum for a long time  
I can't remember what they're like  
They remind me of your skin

and I have eaten you alive  
every night in my dreams  
every night in my nightmares  
inside out.

And I want to love you  
but the creature inside of me  
would rather gobble you whole.

Barbie Grave

# The Last Waltz

by Robert Chow

"What do you mean, you're seeing another guy?"

"I mean that I've been going out with this guy for a while."

"Behind my back?"

"I just told you, didn't I?"

Griffin let out a deep breath. One, two, three, four...Stay calm, he thought. Must act mature about this.

"So, who is this fag?"

"You wouldn't know him. I met him at work," said Theresa.

"How old is this guy?"

"I'm not sure. He said he was fifty-two."

"Fifty-two!" Said Griffen, almost swallowing his tongue. "He's old enough to be your grandfather!"

"He's not *that* old."

He paused. "Does this mean that we're..."

"This shouldn't affect us. I still want to go out with you, Griffin."

"As well as this other guy, right?"

"Well, I don't see anything wrong with that."

"Nothing wrong? It's morally repulsive!"

"Don't get holier-than-thou with me, Griffin."

Griffin couldn't think of anything more to say. The elevator stopped on the main floor, and the two got off.

They walked out of the building,

and into the downtown core. Griffin finally spoke.

"What do you see in this guy?"

"I don't know. He's interesting. He's opened my eyes on a number of things."

"Geex. A guy shows you three new sexual positions and you go ga-ga."

"Grow up, Griffin." Theresa gave him a stern look.

"I'll bet he doesn't even know one."

"None of your damn business."

"Of course it is! You're my girlfriend. I should know these things."

"I'm not your girlfriend. We're just seeing each other. That's all."

"Are we going to get into semantics again? Look, maybe you shouldn't see the both of us at the same time."

"What are you saying?" asked Theresa. "That we shouldn't go out anymore?"

"Not for a while. That way we'll...well, you'll know for sure if you want to marry this guy or something."

"I'm not going to marry him. Besides, he's already married."

"He's already married! So you're having an illicit fling with a married man. I think I'm going to be sick."

"You're getting self-righteous again, Griffin."

"Boy, this guy sounds like a real swinger. His toupee is probably older than you."

"Griffin. Shut up."

They stopped in front of a sandwich shop and went in. Griffin ordered them food.

"So," said Griffin between chews. "Where does this guy take you when you go out?"

"Usually we just sit and talk."

"Well, can't you guys just phone each other? Or better yet, get some walkie-talkies. I'll pay for them."

"Let's drop the subject. You don't really care. You're just trying to make me mad."

"Is it working?" asked Griffin, with some optimism.

"No."

"I'm honestly curious about him. What's he do?"

"He's into real estate."

"Selling or digging up?...Wait a minute. You met him at work? You work in a clothing store!"

"He was coming in regularly to buy gifts for his wife."

"What a caring husband." Griffin pretended to cry. "I think I have something in my eye."

Theresa stood up. "You bastard. You're so self-righteous." She left the restaurant, her heels clacking against the floor tiles.

"I guess I did make her mad. I underestimated myself," said Griffin to his sandwich.

(Continued next page)



(The Last Waltz continued...)

Griffin was talking on the phone with his friend Colin.

"...and get this. The guy's fifty-two."

"Gee, that's almost old enough to be her father."

"Grandfather!..."

"Whatever," said Colin. "So, what are you going to do about it?"

"It feels kind of awkward, but I really can't do anything about it."

"Think she'll come to her senses?"

"Doubt it? That's life, I suppose."

"Oh well. Hey! Guess what happened today. Just guess."

"Uh...you met the girl of your dreams?"

"...Wrong! I just met the girl of my dreams. On the elevator. She works on the floor beneath me. Tell me. Do you believe in falling in love with somebody you just met?"

"Hmm...maybe if it was a girl."

"Well, good luck with this Theresa thing."

"Thanks. I'll need it."

After watching the baseball game on television, Griffin decided to call Theresa and apologize for the way he was behaving earlier that day. He wasn't sure what to say, and in his nervousness he apologized to the Brewsters five-year old daughter across the street.

That evening, Griffin and Theresa were sitting in the park, on a bench. Theresa was staring into space, while Griffin was cleaning his nails with his credit card. Theresa broke the silence.

"So, it's okay with you that I see this guy. You don't mind."

Griffin looked up. "I don't mind at all," he said, trying to keep a straight face. "Will I ever get to meet this...this..."

"William Leavitt," offered Theresa.

"Say, isn't that the name of the child molester that just escaped from prison? It is! I've got to contact the authorities!" Griffin pretended to get up.

"If you don't stop that right now, I'm leaving," Theresa stared at him.

"Sorry," Griffin shut up.

Griffin looked at the clock. 7:30 P.M. Only three and a half hours before

the news. I wonder what Theresa is doing right now, he thought. Then an image of an old man putting his tongue down Theresa's throat was conjured up in his mind. And Theresa was actually enjoying it! Griffin had a sudden urge to rinse out his mouth. Instead, he went to the phone and dialed Colin's number.

"Hello?"

"Hey, Colin. It's me. You busy?"

Colin surveyed his room, noticed the semi-clad woman sprawled on his couch, and then responded.

"Yes I am." He winked but Griffin couldn't see this over the phone.

"Sorry to bother you." He hung up, and looked back at the clock. 7:33. He decided to take a nap. He woke up fifteen hours later.

Griffin was sitting in his office, staring out the window (not a rare event). He thought, I can't go on like this. It's driving me crazy. I should just end it. He took his feet off the desk, put his socks and shoes back on, and left the office. A few minutes later, he entered the clothing store where Theresa worked.

"Did you have fun Saturday night?"

"Yeah, I did," she said.

"What did you do?"

"Please, Griffin. It's personal."

"Look, Theresa. I've been thinking. This isn't going to work out. I shouldn't bother you anymore. So, have a good life with Willy."

"Griffin, I don't want it to be like this. It's not like I'm doing something abnormal by seeing another guy. There's a lot of people who do this, you know."

"Are you going out with all of them as well?"

"Fine, the. If you feel that strongly about it, then maybe it is best that we stop seeing each other."

Griffin turned his back toward Theresa. "Bye," and walked out.

"Bye," said Theresa, to no one.

Colin and Griffin were in Colin's apartment watching the baseball game.

"I bumped into Theresa the other day at the laundromat. Seems that William has the flu," said Colin.

"Has he considered euthanasia?"

"Now, now, Griff. You promised to

be civil."

"I am. So how's Theresa doing?"

"To tell you the truth, she looks great. She seems really happy. She's got this glow."

"So she's sweating a lot. Hmm...If you bump into her again, tell her I'm in the best physical condition of my life."

"That's not saying much."

"Tell her that I'm engaged to Miss Teen U.S.A. Just let it slip out."

"Think she'll believe that?"

"Tell her that I miss her."

"I will," said Colin.

"On second thought, don't."

Two weeks later, Colin and Griffin were sitting in the local watering hole, after work.

"Have you tried calling Theresa yet?" asked Colin.

"I tried calling once. I was going to say that I needed to borrow her ice-cube tray. But the damn phone was busy! She was probably having phone sex with Willy."

"You're going to have to do something about this. You're going crazy."

"What can I do?"

"Would it bother you if the two of you remained as friends? Just friends."

"I don't know. I've never told anyone this, but...I like being seen with her. You know, like in crowded restaurants. She's a very attractive person. It's good for my ego."

"Don't you feel like you're using her?"

"No. Of course not. I honestly enjoy her company. She's a great girl."

"Is she entitled to her own life?"

"Whose side are you on?"

"No one's. I simply suggest that you get along with your own life and forget about Theresa."

Griffin thought for a second, then said "You know, Colin. You're absolutely right." He never dreamed that he would ever say those words.

Griffin was sitting in the public library, reading a bass-fishing magazine. Theresa walked up the stairs and saw Griffin sitting at a table. She seated herself across from him.

Griffin spoke first. "I'm glad you were willing to see me."

"I was curious about your call. Well...long time no see."

"How've you been. Did you gain a couple of inches?"

"I'm still the same height, Griffin."

"I was talking about your hips."

Theresa sighed. "Are you ever serious?"

"I am now. This is kind of difficult to say. I...uh...decided that it's best that I got on with my own life, and put all this behind me. I don't think we'll..."

"I know what you're trying to say. I agree with you. But let's still keep in touch. Okay?"

"Ok," said Griffin. "How's Willy?"

"I met his kid the other day. I realized that I didn't want to break up his marriage. So it's more or less over between us." She paused, then said, "However, I met this gymnast guy a little while ago. We've been seeing a lot of each other lately."

"What do you mean? You're seeing another guy?"

## The Argument

Cheryl White

He pounced on her almost before the screen door had closed. She only had time to bawl a terrified "Lord, Mell!" before the first blow sent her staggering into the living room. Her butt hit an endtable and she collapsed to the floor in front of him with a moan.

"Slut!" He grabbed her hair and dragged her up. "How could you?!" He was screaming.

"What?" She was screaming too.

"You've been going behind my back again, sneaking around, haven't you?!"

"Mel, I..."

"Don't try to tell me different. I know about the men."

"No, I, you..."

Snarling, he slapped her. "Just look at this mess!"

Her eyes followed his pointing finger to the dining room. A black garbage bag sat on the floor, and hand peeking out of the top. Body parts were strewn everywhere. A pool of blood had eaten up almost the entire dining room carpet.

"What happened?" she shrieked.

"How should I know? I told you we should get Glad bags. And besides, you should at least tell me when you stick someone down the garburator, bitch!"

He raised his hand.

"Well, buddy, I sure didn't get a bulletin about the lady in my flowerbed! she hissed at him.

"That's different," he growled.

"Yeah, well, how am I supposed to get the stain out of that carpet now, I'd like to know that. You'd think you'd have the brains to do something and not just leave him dripping all over."

"Give me a fucking break!" he yelled at her. "I spent all day cleaning up that little project of yours from last week. There was vitreous fluid all over my best tools!"

"Your tools? What about my flowerbed? she screamed and grabbed the hand from the bag.

"Your flowers never grew worth shit anyways," he sneered just as the hand splattered into his chest. He howled, "My silk tie!"

Lydia turned and flew off down the hall as he charged after her.

Next door, the neighbour woke up and heard the angry voices. A door slammed. She clucked. Fighting again. Briefly, she considered calling the cops, then rejected it. Marital spats weren't really a police matter. Sighing, she slipped back into sleep.



# The Audiophile

**A Bit of What You Fancy**  
The London Quireboys  
Capitol

Any band that thanks "Sharon and Ozzy Osbourne ... Howard Jones, Kelly Emberg (and her boyfriend)" in the liner notes creates at least enough intrigue to deserve unprejudiced attention the first time through the album containing the same.



I must confess that, especially in recent years, "hard" rock has mostly bored me to tears; metal has left me stupefied and gasping for breath.

Nonetheless, buried under "K" in my record collection is an album purchased long ago that, late at night when I am deep in search for my lost youth, I play very loud and to which I shake my head very hard: the band is Kiss and the one song in particular, from the album of the same name, is "Flaming Youth."

I'm not suggesting that The London Quireboys are the resurrection of those 70s glam-rocker narcissists; I'm saying that this record inspired in me a similar joyful abandon, a kind of glorious effusion of teenage simplicity. Which is not to say this record is stupid or immature. The arrangements of the songs on this record are, at times, surprisingly complex (even if rock is not), using swelling string sections, howling harmonica, symphonic

**Seasons in the Abyss**  
Slayer  
Def American

Slayer, part of the original thrash oligarchy which includes Metallica and Megadeth, have finally released their long awaited follow up to *South of Heaven*. Not a big abstraction off of its predecessor, *Seasons* is chalk full of that grinding, brutal Slayer sound, that seems to cause fans to occasionally rip seats out of stadiums.

Like the last album, this offering is considerably slower than the older stuff, such as *Show No Mercy*. This is to the group's advantage, as the slower songs, such as "Skeletons of Society" and "Dead Skin Mask" are the best cuts on the album, with the exception of "War Ensemble", which demonstrates that the group can still thrash hard and produce a good tune.

A problem with some of the faster tunes, is that the lyrics do not fit tightly with the music; however who would chop such beautiful verses as "Riddled convulsions/Confetti of flesh/Scattered helplessly/Losing your control of physical/Facilities"? Vocalist Tom Araya

brass, a wailing backwoods violin and a choir of angels, all conspiring to make The Quireboys' music a worthwhile addition to the lexicon of rock.

The band itself is no slouch either. The rhythm section is taut and controlled but leaves lots of room for the other players to careen about in pursuit of the rock and roll music. Two guitars and a lot of blues-rooted slide, unrestrained boogie-woogie piano and judicious solos of the same create a well-crafted and energizing version of what Guns 'n' Roses would do if they could do it right. Lead vocalist Spike has one of those archetypal smoke and bourbon, dragged through the whorehouse voices with the only-after-sundown inflection that gets better and better the closer the amplifier approaches eleven. This is rock and roll that remembers its heritage, with a fond backward glance at its forebears.

It strikes me as somehow pointless to isolate specific tracks for special attention — they are all worthy of commendation for one reason or another, from the party anthem "7 O'Clock" to the delta swamp-crawler midnight mesa invocation "Whippin' Boy" to the despondent "I Don't Love You Anymore" (which all by itself makes Jon Bon Jovi's "Blaze of Glory" look like the piece of puerile poop it is). This is well-travelled territory, there's no question. But even your four hundredth trip through the Rockies can yield new discoveries if you trust to a good guide. These boys are faithfully travelling the territory blazed by The Faces, the Stones before disco and even, to a lesser extent, Bob Seger. It's only rock and roll, but I like it.

'Course, you may not share my predilection for rollicking rock, but if you mourn the demise of the roadhouse, even the roadhouse that existed only in your imagination, this release will warm your heart.

Now if only someone could teach these painfully pale Englishmen to tuck their trousers *inside* their cowboy boots, then they'd *really* be happening.

For those of you interested in hollering fashion tips to the 'Boys, they play the Myer Horowitz Theatre tomorrow evening. Their drummer, Rudy Richman, has said: I think the one thing people see when they come to see this band is that we're really enjoying ourselves. We're just up there having a laugh.

Laugh wif 'em. Friday.

Mike Evans

shouts his lyrics out rather than screams, a marked improvement. Drummer Dave Lombardo plays with a complex style which is, although, not as technically perfect as Metallica's Lars Ulrich, is more interesting.

Overall, this album is the best example of Slayer's sound, which seems to have solidified, so buy it or steal it. It is far more effective than the local radio morning programs at getting your heart beating, and if you tire of it, you can always give it to your unassuming little brother for Christmas.

Terry Williams



**The Go-Gos' Greatest**  
The Go-Gos  
I.R.S.

The recent release of *Go-Gos Greatest* is not a socially significant event. It marks, however, a quiet celebration of music's frothier and lighter side, a side too often belittled despite its emotionally and psychologically restorative qualities.

Contagiously peppy songs such as "We Got the Beat," "Beatnik Beach," and "Vacation" are not particularly challenging in form or content as are, say, Sting's or Don Henley's recent work, or anything by Bob Dylan. But innovation, risk-taking and the intellectual depth to self-examine aside, the Go-Gos possess an enviable energy and stand for a momentary freedom from the burden of responsibility that sometimes beautifully refreshes.

Unlike Madonna's self-advertising vigour or her various invitations both to indulge at any cost hedonistic license and to press dangerously the limits of individuality, the Go-Gos do not engage the conceptual recklessness that can easily turn back on itself: in either the form of erotic fear (Madonna herself, Michael Jackson, Prince, George Michael) or the personal vacuum and emotional flattening that can quickly accompany any such claims of inordinate selfhood.

Instead, the Go-Gos are uppity enough to alter our more brooding moods, restrained enough not to lapse into self-parody or to slip over the other side of the wall of self, into Mardi Gras nihilism.

*Go-Gos' Greatest*, including the coy,



well-orchestrated "Our Lips Are Sealed," obviously delights in its vitality and rejuvenation of the '50s girl-group format but is also distant enough from that format to be playful with the endeavour. As well, the vocally mournful "Lust to Love" partially accusatory "I'm the Only One," and fully accusatory "You Though," all on side B (the underside, one presumes, to Go-Gos optimism), foretell the emergence in recent years of Belinda Carlisle as a more serious, more complexly textured solo artist.

Michael Lahey

## Entertainment Writers

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**Good Day Messiah**  
Daniel Weaver  
Stream Records

Sometimes an album comes along that has that all too rare quality—real feeling. Daniel Weaver's debut album, *Good Day Messiah* has that quality—but that isn't surprising, as the traumatic loss of his father was the catalyst for the emotions expressed on this album. Rare it is when an artist, or anyone for that matter, can reveal so much about the human condition, but Daniel Weaver has that ability.

A product of Montreal's artsy scene, Weaver has been playing instruments since he was a child, and has been a serious student of music since age 13. A musical prodigy? Well, perhaps—he

plays several percussion, keyboard and stringed instruments. This extensive background adds a rare sense of professionalism to his songwriting—the tempos, rhythms, melodies and backing chord structures of his music are well coordinated and highly sensitive to each other. Weaver also shows a marked preference for acoustic instruments, and weaves (no puns intended) them in and out to achieve a rich tapestry. Violins, guitars, organs, mandolins—they all come together in a full, folk flavoured form of alternative music that is ethereal in sound and yet solid in substance—especially when one listens to the lyrics. "Glory" describes a man overwhelmed by desire and ambition, "Turning Your Face Away" deals with apathy towards violence, and the album's first single, "Feels Like Sunday" describes Weaver's struggle for reality in a world that has no meaning. The album's lyrics deal with hope and hopelessness, religion and faith, life and death.

All this relates to Weaver's own loss. After a loved one's death, "you ask yourself a lot of questions," Weaver relates. "I was confused mentally and emotionally." Then he read Richard Bach's novel *Illusions*, about a latter-day messiah who comes to earth, and teaches the protagonist (and the reader) an important lesson of life in terms of "finding a saviour within myself", as Weaver says. The book (along with some influence from Leonard Cohen and Bob Dylan) provided the inspiration for the album, hence the name *Good Day Messiah*.

As an artist I know that even out of loss there can be gain—out of the negative can come something positive, out of pain comes wisdom.

Andy Phillpotts

**Marshall Tully**  
*Wire and Wood*  
Independent

In a fit of shower-induced inspiration I made sense of the seemingly unrelated title of Marshall Tully's swan song ep — *Wire and Wood*. These materials refer to the basics of a guitar, suggesting simple and traditional music. And how true. Marshall Tully's Roustabouts consist of five players, five instruments, and plenty of pleasant harmonies.

Back to basics. No synthesizer. No screaming guitar solos. Mostly a man and his guitar (and his drums, bass, and fiddle). This isn't exactly folk music. This isn't country. This is almost the Proclaimers, and nearly the Waterboys. I'm not sure what it is. My Secret Agent James Hound Musical Decoder is mystified. It keeps pointing to rock and roll.

There are only four songs on this ep (but under five bucks). The first two are but prelude to "Absolutely Blue," the third and best track on this tape. This is Marshall Tully's vocal workshop. Assisted by Jane Hawley's ethereal backdrop he takes us for a pleasant Sunday-in-the-park ride on this folkrockboppish song. Lyrically it suffers after "Dusk 'Til Dawn" (I'm just happy staring at the ceiling, ain't no point in leaving until the stars are gone,"), but, with reflections on love leaving you lying on a cold bed of stone, "Absolutely Blue" does redeem its repetitive (but not mind-numbing) tendencies.

As someone more accustomed to their folk/acoustic music in the frantic variety (eg. Pogues, Spirit of the West) I did like the watery vocals and subtle music, but expected it to go rip-roaring into accordion mayhem at any minute. Of course, my Secret Agent James Hound Musical

Decoder wasn't going to betray the straight-forward rock and roll to be found on this album. "Sleepwalking" is one to humm to, with a smooth chorus and appropriately jangly guitar. "Dusk Til Dawn" gets big points for the lyrics, but there are places where an accordion would have made me faint in rapture. And the rest of the tape improves upon these. He manages to capture the intensity of their live performance, without scorning quality.

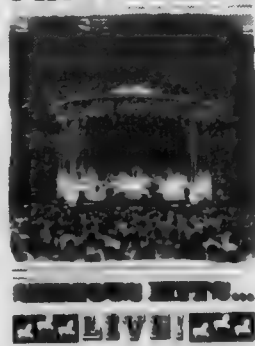
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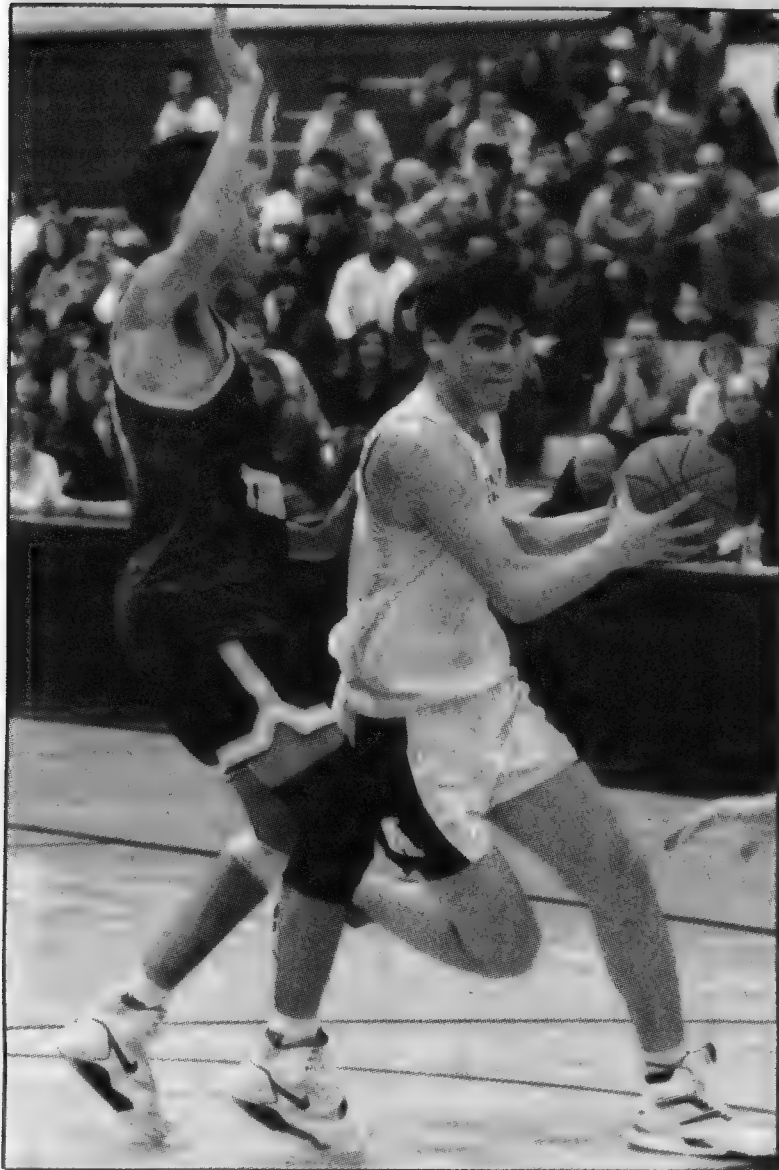
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# SPORTS

## Basketball battle of Alberta



Brian Halsey drives to the hoop; the Bears will need him this weekend against Calgary

**Hoop Action: Battle of Alberta**  
: Bears vs Calgary Fri, Sat 8:15  
: Pandas vs Calgary Fri, Sat 6:30

by Bob Stauffer

This weekend the University of Alberta Golden Bears and the Calgary Dinosaurs renew the "Battle of Alberta" at Varsity Gymnasium Friday and Saturday night.

The Bears and the Dinos come into this weekend with identical 1-3 records in Canada West play. Calgary split with Saskatchewan last weekend after losing two close games, by one point and three points, to Lethbridge at home. The Bears opened their Canada West season getting swept by the perennial power-house Vikings in Victoria, but were able to get a split last weekend against another tough team from the coast, UBC.

Dinosaur head coach Gary Howard, who is back after leaving on a sabbatical last Christmas, feels his team has struggled so far saying, "We got off to a rough start; in Saskatchewan, we got spanked pretty good the first night (losing 113-97), but our kids came back and fought hard on Saturday (winning 88-83).

The Bears and Dinos have yet

to play this season, but in 1989-90 the Bears clearly dominated winning four of five games. The key to the Bears victories then was the play of guards Sean Chursinoff and David Youngs, as the Bears dynamic duo proved too much for the Dinos guards to handle. However, as we all know, both Chursinoff and Youngs have graduated, so the tables have turned in the backcourt, as Calgary's now experienced tandem of Ian Minniffee and Tony McDougall have an advantage over the Bears group of guards. Bears head coach Don, don't call me Dan, Horwood said, "I think they have a definite advantage at guards, it's a reverse situation from last year."

Currently the Dinos backcourt tandem is averaging 38.2 points per game, so the Bears will have to offset the Calgary advantage at guard with strong play from the big men.

The Dinos suffered a big loss up front when 6'8" Jeff Smith broke his arm in the pre-season. The loss of Smith, plus Rick Pease and former St. Joe's star Brian Miskewich to graduation, and former M.E. Lazerte star

Dexter Armour to academic difficulties, has drastically weakened the Dinos up front.

Howard feels the Bears have the advantage inside, "They're definitely stronger upfront with Rick Stanley, he's one of the best big men in the country."

According to Horwood, the Dinos are still strong up front, "Andrew Vaughn (a great rebounder, averaging eight per game), David Johnston (6'10", former Queen Elizabeth star) and Sean Mclean (a promising rookie from St. Mary's in Calgary) give them some strength up front.

As for the "Battle of Alberta" moniker, Horwood said, "It's no more a rivalry than Victoria, UBC, or Lethbridge. Sure a lot of our players, know their players, but the rivalry is more of a media thing."

So who will win? According to both coaches it's a coin toss. "It can go either way," said Howard. Horwood reiterated, saying, "If we contain their guards, rebound with them and outwork them, we can beat them, but it's very hard to outwork a Gary Howard-coached team."

## Pandas-Dinos clash

by Bob Stauffer

For the last several seasons the University of Calgary women's basketball team has enjoyed unmatched success. The Lady Dinos were dominant as they licked their opponents en route to a 69 game winning streak. Unfortunately, their last two losses have come in CIAU National Championship games, otherwise it would be three in a row for the U of C, as they won the CIAU championship in 1989.

Despite the loss of All-Canadians Veronica

VanderSchee and Cori Blakebrough to graduation, and two-time Coach-of-the-Year Donna Rudakas to maternity leave, the Dinos once again are at the top of the heap in Canada West, tied with Victoria, with a 3-1 record.

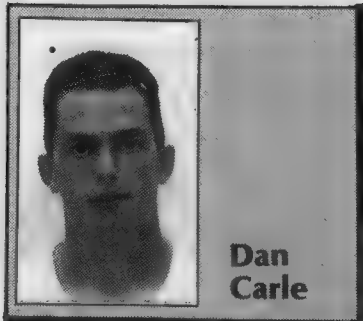
Last season the Lady Dinos annihilated the University of Alberta Pandas winning all four games they played by an average of 46 points-per-game. In fact the Pandas have not beaten Calgary since Diane Hilko's first season, back in 1986-87.

The Pandas, though, have improved immensely, and will compete with the Dinos this weekend when they play at Varsity Gymnasium on Friday and Saturday night.

Like the Golden Bears, the key for the Pandas will be to utilize their inside game, and attempt to contain the Dinos perimeter game. Pandas coach Diane Hilko said, "They'll have to stop our big three (Susan Chalmers,9

cont'd on p.18

## The fabulous Vanhooren boys



Dan Carle

It is a wonder of nature when identical twins are born. It is also rare for someone to be born with enough God given talent to make the ranks of university athletics. It verges on a miracle when these two variables combine - yet this is the story of Dale and Dan Vanhooren of the Golden Bears basketball team.

Now guards for the Bears, the Vanhoorens have played hoops together since they could walk. They played through high school

and for one year at Red Deer College - where both were named as all-stars. The union terminated when Dale played the 1989-90 season for the Golden Bears while Dan remained in Red Deer. For the first time ever the two brothers were apart.

Dan was named MVP for the Red Deer Kings; Dale learned and played in the shadows of Sean Chursinoff and David Youngs - perhaps the best guard tandem ever to wear the green and gold. Chursinoff now plays for the Canadian National Basketball team.

"Last year I had problems because it was the first time we had spilt up. Now I have someone to talk to. I'm starting to enjoy it a lot more." By the sound of things, Dale is a lot happier now that his brother is there with him. There is no doubt that Dale

seeing floor time during games last season would have been, well, impossible. This year, however, is a much different story. The brothers both see floor time, although Dale has the edge of an extra year under Bears head coach Don Horwood. The Vanhooren boys are the first identical twins Horwood has coached in his seven years on the bench.

"Dale's biggest advantage over Danny is his year here. He (Dale) has more experience (but) Danny has showed us a lot...he (Dan) hasn't hurt us," Horwood said.

So far this season, Dale is averaging 4.2 points in his 12 games played. While Dan has a 2.3 point average in seven games - not quite as a good as his brother. Then again, last year at this time, Dale was still warming the bench.

Dale has been moved to an off-guard position this year because of an injury to potential star Sean Foote. "He's been a life-saver for us," said Horwood.

Coming to Edmonton was difficult for Dan. He left a program where he was the elite, and is now just another face trying to crack the line-up.

"It's difficult to begin with, but before you get here you accept the fact that you're coming to a higher calibre situation where there is going to be a higher level of competition." For Dan Vanhooren this season will be one of making mistakes, learning and having a brother there to lean on.

Both brothers are close, and rely on one another both in life and on the court. But as happy a story as this is, it is not always blissful, as Dale explains.

"We've dropped the gloves a

few times, but, you know, it works out in the end."

You can't help but want these two to be successful. Both are good athletes who have worked hard to earn their place with the Bears. The road for either player to this point has not been the straight and narrow. They got in through the back door.

"Both are walk-ons; neither of them was recruited. They made the team based on abilities, attitude and work ethic," said Horwood.

Horwood has played no favorites - the Vanhoorens are there because that's where they belong.

Look for them on the court this weekend as the 1-3 Bears hook up with Calgary. They're the guys who look the same.

# National champions prepare

by Kristan McLeod

The Panda gymnastics team is gearing up in preparation for this year's meets with the hopes of placing as well in the '90-'91 season as they did last year.

The team has a lot of returning veterans including National Champion Kim Shore and second place finisher Michele Hannemann. The two will most likely be each other's biggest challenge again this year. Not only did they battle it out at na-

tionals, Hannemann came first over Shore at the Canada West championships.

Monday evening they held an intersquad competition, an informal evaluation of the team to focus on their weaknesses before they go to their first meet in Seattle on Jan. 19.

Hannemann came first with an impressive 36.1 points out of a possible 40, with Shore at second with 35. Monica Knech placed a close third at 34.9 followed by the

most promising rookie, eighteen-year-old (as of yesterday) Tammy Bazian.

The team is still in the developing stages, trying new tricks and honing old skills, but coach Stephanie Bishop is "trying not to put any pressure on the girls right now", injuries being their biggest concern.

Bishop, who has been with the team for four years, was pleased with their performance on Monday and is looking forward

to high individual placings in Seattle. "We're ahead of where we were last year at this time. Bars and beam are our weakest events, we'll have to work on those to do well as a team. Those are the events that make or break you."

Last year in Seattle, Hannemann finished third overall; fairly astounding given the superiority of the American teams. Aside from U of C, the Pandas will be the only

Canadian squad in Seattle, competing against teams who have better funding and more competitors. "Usually the best Canadians go down there on full scholarships - they have more people to choose from," says Bishop. As a result, while the individual placements are high, the team has trouble finishing well overall.

## Cascade washes swimmers clean

by Curtis Dumonceaux

The Swim Team competed in the Cascade Invitational Speed Meet in Calgary last weekend. Many teams from across Alberta as well as a few teams from Saskatchewan and British Columbia competed.

According to U of A assistant coach Marc Tremblay, the team did exceptionally well. "It went really well. They swam just great. In fact, the coach from the University of Lethbridge told Debbie Gaudin that the kids (U of A swimmers) looked pretty good. When it comes from another coach like that, it's really good."

Many good times were obtained, as there were a total of - swimmers who either qualified

for the Western Conference Championships (which will be held here) or for the CIAU championships. Some swimmers had personal best times as well.

According to Tremblay, one of the reasons for the good swims is because the team was focused. "They came off a taper, so they were rested up. They were ready to swim."

Some of the swimmers just came from the World Trials for the Canadian team, and, according to Tremblay, this helped. "Some of them really did not have to exert themselves to win races. They were competing at a different level [than at Montreal], so they did not have to push themselves as hard. The

experience they gained also helped in that it really made them race hard and then race even faster in Calgary because of the 25-metre pool. It also helps them to cope with the fact that they have to go faster for the team and pull the team together."

In the first leg of the men's 4x50m freestyle relay, Dave Goodkey set a new school record for the 50m freestyle (23.67 seconds). Cam Grant, who beat the late Victor Davis in the 200m breaststroke in the Olympics at Seoul, set a new meet record by winning that event in 2:18.07. He also won the 100m breaststroke in 1:04.28. Other exceptional performances were obtained by John Mohr, who won the 200m

backstroke (2:07.96) and came in third in the 400m freestyle (4:03.12). Both times were personal bests, and both times qualified him for the CIAU's. Debbie Gaudin was in fine form as she won four out of the five events in which she swam. She was first in the 100m breaststroke, 50m butterfly, and the 200m freestyle. Martha Towers won the 100m backstroke in 1:08.50 and was fourth in the 200m backstroke (2:29.43); she qualified for the CIAU's in both events. As well, Jane Smyth in the 200m backstroke placed third with a time of 2:25.51 and qualified for the CIAU's. Lisa Holubetz qualified for the CIAU's in the 100m butterfly (1:06.25, 3rd place).

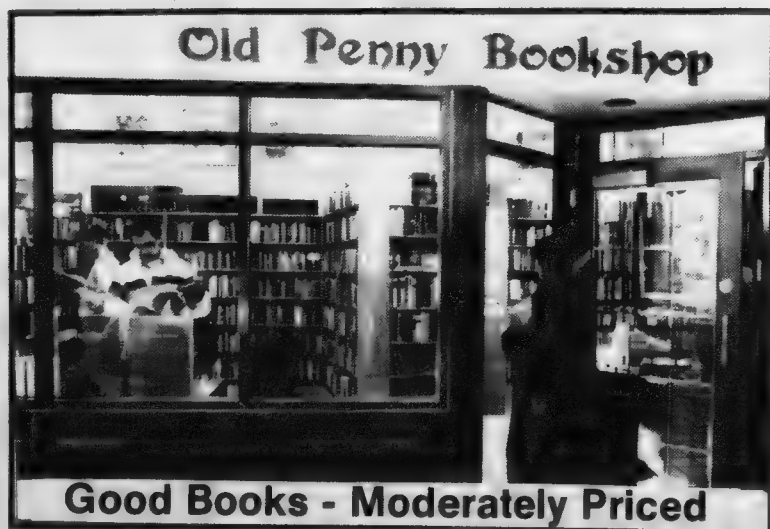
### Clash can't

points-per-game, Tracey Cook; 11.5 points-per-game, Joanna Ross; 17 points-per-game), and we'll have to stop their outside game."

The Dinos feature three players in the top seven of the Canada West scoring; National Team player Jodi Evans is averaging 19.5 points-per-game, Sue Jickling is averaging 18, and Patti Cummings is chipping in with 16.7.

Last weekend the University of Saskatchewan tried the press and Calgary burned them on the run-and-gun as they blew out Huskies 87-60, and 99-64.

Hilko said, "We know they're gonna press, we're going to go with a half-court defence and force them to shoot from well out."



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# V-ball Pandas to Cowtown

by Michael Chow

Birthday wishes for Suzi Smith were at the fore on Tuesday as the head coach celebrated the special day looking very cheerful and relaxed. However, she did not have too long to party as the Pandas volleyball squad began preparations for a very important Canada West engagement with the University of Calgary Dinosaurs this coming weekend in Cowtown.

The Pandas are currently riding a six game losing streak after being swept by the Thunderbirds in Vancouver last weekend but the team's recent plight does not have head coach Suzi Smith worried. "This weekend we took the biggest step mentally to know what kind of intensity it takes to get to where we want to be in terms of our performance,"

she Smith.

"The weekends prior to that focused more on technique and this coming weekend will be a combination of the mental and tactical," spoke Smith of their upcoming battle with the Dinos.

The Dinos sit with a record of 3-8, just one game ahead of the Pandas who are 2-6 and sit fifth in the very competitive Canada West. Add that to the already existing natural rivalry between the two teams and the atmosphere of the game is surely to be heightened. "The girls are really looking forward to the match because the players from both teams know each other which only helps to raise the level of play," commented Smith.

The unorthodox style of the Dinos will suit the Pandas very nicely as both teams have

adopted a non-conservative fashion of volleyball. "The critical things this weekend are going to be to show how aggressive we are," dictated Smith who cannot stress enough how important it will be for the Pandas to get off to a good start. "I will not be happy if we do not start well in the first game," she said. "The key to our game plan will be to make Calgary feel uncomfortable and to make them realize that we are a team that can play with them," she added.

DIGS:

The Pandas were 1-3 last season against the Dinos. Their only victory against another team other than Lethbridge... Canada West boasts five of the top ten teams in the nation including Saskatchewan, UBC, Victoria, Calgary and Alberta who rank

ninth in Canada... Nationals are in Calgary this year (March 6-8) which means the lady Dinos gain an automatic bye into the tourney... The lady Pronghorns won their first game in at least five years as they played Victoria this past weekend.



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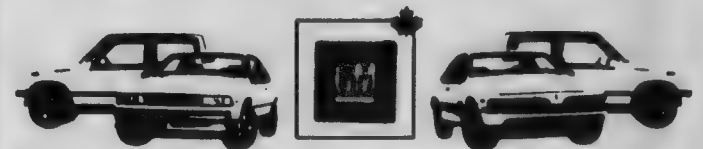
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Sean Costall

The Pandas volleyball team will be in action this weekend in Calgary; happy birthday head coach Suzi Smith

## North-Am V-ball

by Avi Goldberg

This weekend, the University of Alberta Golden Bear Volleyball team will be the host in the North Am invitational Tournament. The North Am is a community service senior men's tournament in which 16 teams, including the Bears, will be taking part.

"It gives us the chance to give the younger guys some experience and to work on things without worrying about losing points in Canada West, or losing a ranking...just a chance to play some volleyball," said Bears head coach Pierre Baudin.

This event provides the opportunity for players who were former university players, and now a part of some professional club team to strut their stuff against a wide variety of worthy opponents young and old.

Some of the stronger teams

taking part this weekend include two teams from Calgary, the top team called Canuck Stuff, with former and present national team players, and the University of Calgary Dinosaurs with their young guys for some experience. The University of Lethbridge is sending a club team. The Edmonton Volleyball Club team called Fog consists of all former Golden Bear players, and another team of former Bear players calling themselves Bear Alumni has also assembled for the tournament.

Other lower level teams participating in this weekend's tournament will "be good competition and will have a little more experience than college teams," said Baudin.

This weekend has nothing to do with fierce inner conference rivalry, and certainly will not have any bearing on the national

championships, but spectators who come out are still going to be treated to a high level of competition. "We're talking senior level volleyball, so it's still very good volleyball. I think that spectators can watch good volleyball until their eyes drop out. There's a ton of matches going on," said Baudin.

BEAR ESSENTIALS: Four pools of four teams play in a round robin that takes place on Friday and Saturday, with playoffs on Sunday...You can watch the Bears Friday evening at 6:00 pm in the Education gym, and Saturday morning at 10:15 and 11:30 at the Main Gym...This tournament also acts in part as a fundraiser for the Bears European tour in December and early January.



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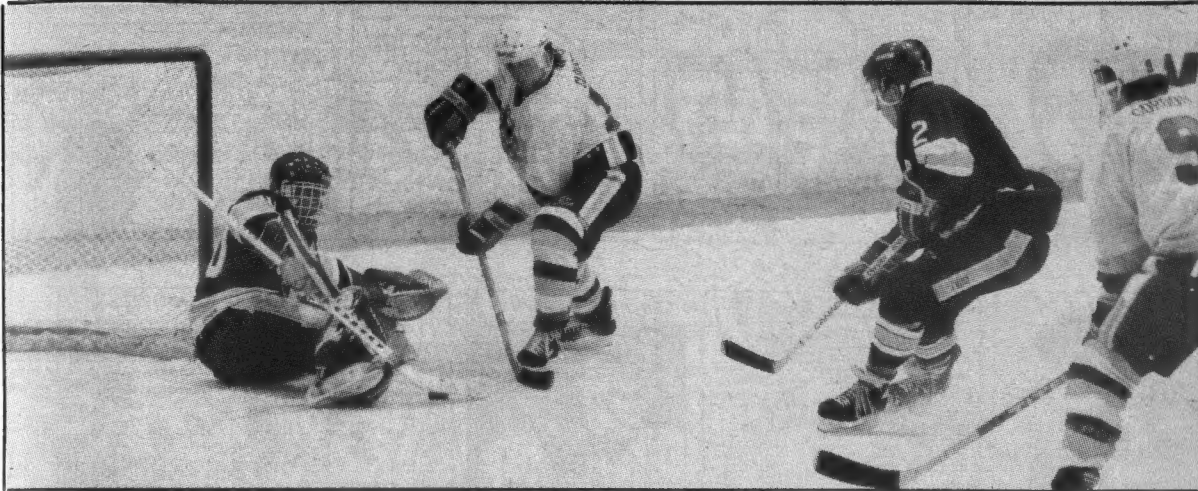
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# Bears mid-season report



Second year Bears Cory Clouston has been a surprise offensively

by Bob Stauffer and Todd Saelhof

Depending on how the Calgary Dinosaurs do this Friday night in Lethbridge, the 8-4 University of Alberta Golden Bears hockey team will finish tied either for first or second heading into the Christmas break in the very competitive Canada West Conference. Without a doubt, the Bears could be runaway leaders if not for the loss of some key players to injuries, including 1989-90 Canada West scoring champion Adam Morrison for the first ten games of the regular season.

"Getting (Morrison) back in the line-up is going to help. A

healthy Todd Gordon when he's flying is going to help. I'm not sure how (Gord Thibodeau) is, but we get him and (Guy Paradis) back in the line-up and that's sure going to help. And the young guys have filled in to play well where they've had to," said second year Bear Cory Clouston.

Indeed, the Bears have been hit hard by injuries, and it's shown on both offence and defence.

**OFFENCE:** The Bears could easily carry an 11-1 stat if not for the fact that three of their four losses have been essentially decided by one goal. That's where Morrison, who found the twine 25 times last season, should help

the sluggish offence.

"We do have to pick up the goal scoring (ranked seventh). Our powerplay right now is 25 per cent (ranked fifth). I think with the addition of Adam we can expect a 5 per cent increase in that, and maybe that's the one goal a game we need to end-up at 10-2, rather than being 8-4," said Bear captain Doug McCarthy.

McCarthy, himself, has picked up the offence in place of the injured Morrison compiling ten goals in twelve games, including nine on special teams. In fact, McCarthy leads the league in both departments with six powerplay potters and three short-handed markers.

"The assists aren't coming, but I think once we start to gel more as a line, Marty (Yewchuk), myself, and Doc (Kent Dochuk), that a few more pucks will be going in the net," McCarthy said.

The centerman of the Super Uke line, Yewchuk, ranks second on the Bears with 13 points and Canada West All-Star defenseman Ian Herbers sits third at 12. Yewchuk and Herbers share the team assist lead with 11. Pleasant offensive performances have come from Cory Clouston and Kent Dochuk, who have contributed five and six goals respectively, but the Bears are definitely looking for more output in the second half.

"Some games we were outshooting the opposition basically two to one, but we weren't winning the games. So we have to Bear down and put the puck away. That's definitely something to key on," said third year Bear Dan Wiebe.

**DEFENCE:** To combat their power shortage, the Bears have played outstanding team defence. This is why the Bears have been able to stick close to the top. The Bears have given up the fewest shots on goal, and Gavin Armstrong and Scott Ironside are running away with the Adam Kryczka Memorial Trophy with a Goals Against Average of 3.00. Armstrong has been specifically outstanding with a 2.44 GAA.

"I think (the average) is a credit

to him, but also a credit to our team defence. He's also played very well. When he's had the opportunity to make the big saves, he's been there," commented head coach Bill Moores on his shining goaltender.

The blueline corps, of course, has been spectacular, even though injuries have forced Moores to rely on rookies. Freshman Mike Moore and Cory Cross have both come into their own, and another rookie Rick Parranto has the potential to make an impact on the ice. The veterans, however, are the glue holding together the number one defence. Serge Lajoie, Garth Premak, and Stan Marple, all show the necessary confidence on both sides of the puck. The big leader, however, is Herbers.

"Ian Herbers on defence, one of the captains, has played well and given us good leadership there, and has been supported well by the other defensemen," Moores said.

**PROGNOSIS:** According to coach Moores, the key for the Bears in the second half of the season will be "capitalizing on our opportunities, getting the systems down better for the powerplay, and staying healthy." If the Bears are to do that, they'll have an excellent chance at recapturing what has traditionally been there's by divine right - the Canada West crown.



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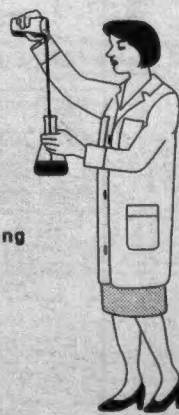
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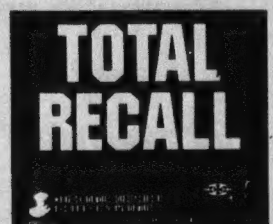
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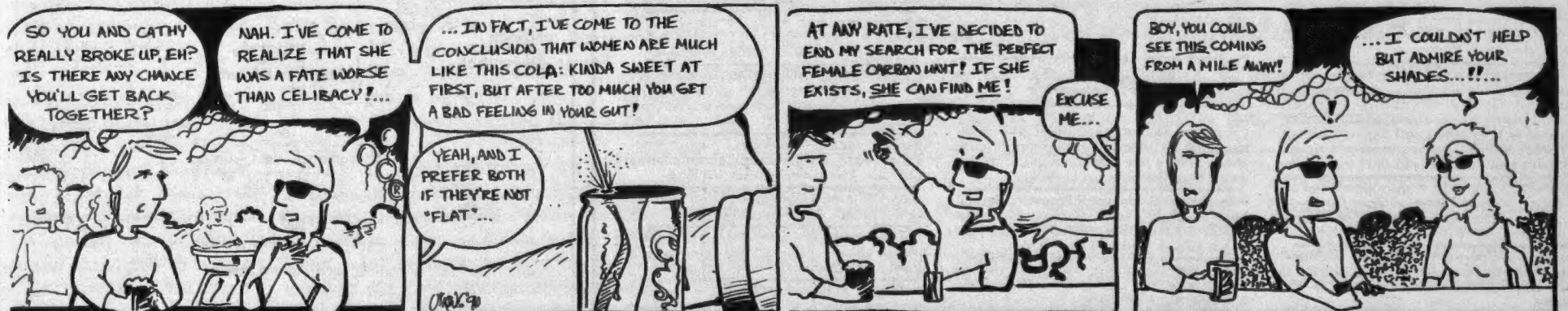
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### Personals

Crisis Line. Do you need help? Are you in trouble? Call Telecare - a telephone hotline @426-5159. 4 pm - 12 midnight, 7 days a week. Free Confidential Listening.

Pregnant and Distressed? Free confidential help/pregnancy tests. Campus Birthright 492-2115. Rm 030W SUB Mon & Wed. 10 am - 2 pm Tues & Thurs. 11 am - 12 pm.

If you have a problem with food, we can help. Overeaters Anonymous. Wednesday, 1:00 pm, Rm 158A SUB.

8K Alumni, 1987-89: dinner - December 7. Call Dennis or Wendy 439-5983.

### Footnotes

January Introductory Sign Language Classes on campus. Non credit. Mon 6-9 pm. Cost \$70/person, Jan 28 - May 6. Call Disabled Student Services to register at 492-3381.

NOVEMBER 29

U of A Marxist-Leninist Study Group: meeting to celebrate the 46th Anniversary of the Liberation of Albania. 10943 - 84 Ave (Garneau Hall) @ 7:30 pm.

Circle K Int'l: last meeting of 1990! Plus study hints! 5:30 pm - 606 SUB.

Lutheran Campus Ministry: mid-week discussion & Eucharist, 7:30 pm at the Lutheran Student Center 11122 - 86 Ave. Social time after worship. Everyone welcome.

U of A Student Liberal Assoc: general meeting. Bus 1-06 at 4 pm. Everyone welcome.

Economics Undergraduate Students Assoc: EUSA and Agricultural Business Management Club present John Crow, Myer Horowitz Theatre at 2 pm. No charge. All welcome.

NOVEMBER 30

CINECLUB: presents Christmas with Ingbar: "Fanny & Alexander". 2 not 3 pm, HC Audio-visual. Be there!

U of A Squash Club: Party - free food, cheap drinks. TGIF, Arts Lounge (A120) 5 pm. Everyone welcome.

U of A New Democrats: Sven Robinson speaks at a Human Rights Forum. 4 pm Heritage Lounge, Athabasca Hall.

DECEMBER 1

Edm. Women & Aids Project: Dec 1 - World Aids Day. Benefit Reading, 7:30 pm Dec 1; Meeting/music room, Centennial Library, 7 Sir Winston Churchill Square.

Campus Advent: contemporary Christian music concert featuring Edmonton's own "Lightclub". 5 pm Ed N 2-115. Tickets at door \$4.00.

DECEMBER 2

Lutheran Campus Ministry & Roman Catholic Campus Ministry: 7:30 pm 'Advent Vespers' at St. Joseph's College Chapel. Everyone welcome. Social time follows.

DECEMBER 3

All Club & Faculty Executive Types: CLUBS COUNCIL is on Monday, December 3 at 5:00 pm in L'express overflow SUB. We've got Eggnog for those who bring Food Bank Donations.

U of A Pro-Life: club social. Relax and enjoy. Everyone welcome. Room 1-7 HC, 4 pm.

U of A Pro Choice: general meeting. 4 pm SUB 606. Anyone pro-choice welcome. Don't lose the right to choose.

DECEMBER 4

InterVarsity Christian Fellowship: worship time in CAB 243, 5-6 pm.

DECEMBER 5

U of A PC Club: "Last Gasp Before Finals" Bash. Student lounge, Old Arts bldg, 5-9 pm. Tickets \$3.00.

U of A Alpine Racing Club: ski team presents the Bronx Party at the Bronx. Support your ski team.

DECEMBER 6

U of A Scandinavian Club: JulFest '90. 7-12, Tory 14-14. Tickets \$7 members, \$9 non-members. Available 030K SUB or at the door.

Women's Collective: Readings & conversation in memory of "A Bunch of Feminists" murdered Dec 6, 1989 in Montreal. Students lounge (mn flr 232) Arts bldg, 12-2 pm.

DECEMBER 7

Gays & Lesbians on Campus (GALOC): Christmas party. Old Arts Court Lounge, Old Arts bldg, 6-10 pm. Everyone welcome.

### Generals

ECO - Environ. Campus Org.: meetings on 2nd Thursday of each month at 7 pm, Envir. Resource Centre 10511 - Saskatchewan Drive.

U of A Objectivist Club: Ayn Rand's philosophy, Objectivism discussed at Wed meetings. More info at our office - 030K SUB.

Women's Collective: Office hours - every Tues 2-4 pm & Wed. 12-3 pm SUB 030N.

U of A PC Club: executive meetings every Tues at TB-87 at 4 pm. Everyone welcome. Power Plant afterwards!

U of A Rugby: practice Mondays, 7:30 pm on Butterdome floor. Thursdays 6:30 pm on Butterdome concourse.

Gays and Lesbians on Campus: office hours MTRF 12 - 2 pm, 030N SUB. New phone # 492-7528.

Muslim Students Assoc: Friday prayers. Meditation room 12:30 MST (1:30 DST). For more info drop by our office 030E SUB.

Baptist Student Ministries: "Focus" every Mon at 5 pm in 169 HUB. A time to sing songs, worship, discuss issues, etc. Everyone welcome.

Baptist Student Ministries: "Good News Travels Fast" a bible study about sharing our faith. Every Wed, 10 am 169 HUB.

U of A Women's Collective: Drop in to our office. Hours: 12 - 3 pm, SUB 050.

U of A Campus Pro-Life: actively promotes moral regard for the sanctity of human life from conception until natural death.

Lutheran Fellowship (LCC): mid-week meeting. Wed. 6:30 pm, Inter-faith Chapel (HUB). More info: 473-7022.

U of A Student Liberal Club: come drop by our office - 030V SUB. Hours: 2 - 4 pm Mon - Thur. 12 - 2 pm Fri.

Anglican Chaplaincy: Eucharist Thursdays, 8:30 am Meditation Room SUB 158A.

Campus Advent: Office in SUB bsmt. W-030. Variety of weekly activities posted on door. Come join us.

Keep-fit Yoga Club: offering classes throughout the year. Info: Carol 471-2989 evenings.

U of A ND: executive meetings every Thurs 4:30 pm 606 SUB. All ND activists welcome.

Debate Club: meets every Wed 5 pm 2-42 Humanities. New members welcome.

U of A Scandinavian Club: language tables. Swedish 10 am Wed; Norwegian 1 pm Wed - Arts 312.

U of A Wado-Kai Karate Club: Beginners classes, 5:30 - 7:30 pm, Mon, Fri in W1-14, Wed in SUB basement.

U of A Chess Club: Meets in L'Express overflow SUB each Wed 4-6 pm or come by room 030D SUB.

Campus Birthright: Support group for pregnant women. Call Campus Birthright 492-2115 or Bernice 455-1943.

U of A Go Club: interested in playing the ancient game of Go? Beginners always welcome. Lessons are available. Meetings each Wed. 7 - 11 pm, SUB 142.

Math Sciences Society: activities and social opportunities for students in the Mathematical Sciences. For info, visit CAB 549 or call us at 492-3612.

Tae Kwon Do Club: beginners, men & women, all ages! 6:30 - 9 pm Mon & Fri in SUB bsmt, Wed in E-19 Phys-ed bldg. Ph: 433-2224.

Dead Comp. Sci. Society (DCS): Thurs, 3:30 pm, GSB 702

Alpine Racing Club: Dry land training every Mon and Wed at 5 pm until end of Nov. Meet at Green Off. in P.E. bldg.

United Church Campus Ministry: "Jesus and the New Age", begins Wed Sept 19, 12:15 pm, Rm 158A SUB.

Mature Undergrad and Graduate Students (MUGS): Drop-in coffeklatch 10 - 2 pm. Heritage Lounge Athabasca Hall Mon - Thurs. \$10 membership. Bring lunch, coffee supplied.

Entrepreneur Club: be your own boss. Join the Entrepreneur club, Room 3-02 Business, 492-5036.

United Church Campus Ministry: "God Talk" study, begins Fri Sept 21, 12:15 pm, room 158A SUB.

United Church Campus Ministry: United Church Worship, begins Wed Sept 12, 8:15 am, St. Stephen's college.

U of A Bridge Club: meet every Fri, 7-11 pm, TB-65. Ph. Kun 492-1119 for info.

Society for Creative Anachronism: we recreate medieval life "as it should have been". Wed 8 pm 034 SUB or call Will 433-6856.

United Church Campus Ministry: Ecumenical Eucharist (Lutheran, Anglican, United), Tues noon hour, room 158A SUB.

United Church Campus Ministry: simply making it through the week, meditation, contemplative prayer, and spiritual growth. Begins Mon Sept 10, 12:15 pm Garneau United Church.

U of A Star Trek Club: Borgs! Kirk! Frontiers! Poker! Cheers! Gumballs! Darts! Women! Spandex! Flinstones! Nachos! Order! Chaos! 6-20 SUB.

Karate-Do Goju Kai Campus Club: Beginners always welcome. 5-7 pm, Tues in SUB rec room, Thurs in Dinwoodie.

U of A Musicians Club: now accepting new members. All musical interests welcome. Call 464-7383 for info.

# Attention Staffers

Meeting next Thursday  
4:00 pm 282 SUB  
re: Joke issue  
Come as you are!

Friday  
November  
30

Fresh Creamed  
Tomato Soup

Pasta  
with Three Cheeses

Marinated  
Italian Sausage and  
Pepper Salad

...

Monday  
December  
3

Creamed  
Leek & Potato  
Soup

Chicken File Gumbo  
with Rice

Green Salad with a  
Light Vinaigrette

...

Tuesday  
December  
4

Russian Cabbage Soup

Hungarian Meatballs in  
Hunter Sauce Over  
Egg Noodles

Apple Carrot Coleslaw

D E W E Y ' S  
B A R . D E L I  
H U B M A L L